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Hanover Terrace, London.

This building, justly esteemed one of the most splendid decorations of London, is situated in the Regent's Park, and commands admiration even when compared with the surrounding edifices, all of which are built with lavish expenditure, and a due regard to the classical arrangements of the Park, which they are intended to adorn. It will be perceived that it is constructed after the more grammatical style of architecture which was introduced into England with the Hanoverian dynasty, being rather upon the composite order. The centre and two wings are, however, of the Doric, the *acroteria*, or pinnacles of which are surmounted by statues, and other sculptural ornaments, giving to the terrace as viewed in the distance, a highly finished appearance, but which proves upon closer inspection, to be a rudely assorted collection of tasteless figures, destroying the effect of the remaining portions of the edifice which are really creditable specimens of art. The centre building is crowned by a well proportioned pediment, the tympanum of which is also embellished with statues and figures in the same style of art with those above mentioned. The style employed is Italian, or more strictly speaking Palladian, and remarkably well adapted to the structure—serving as an excellent relief to the contiguous mansions. The capitals are well proportioned in design, but the entablature is weak in profile, and inefficient in character for the height of the building to which they are appropriated. The terrace is situated near the north western extremity of a branch of the lake which irrigates, and embellishes the Park—a picturesque islet faces its northern wing—immediately in front is one of the principal avenues, while upon either side extend dwellings of a less imposing appearance, which serve, by their light and diversified character, to throw over the terrace an air of grandeur and architectural beauty.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ON YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

Sweet is the rose that gathers on its breast
The pearly offspring of a summer night;
Sweet is the lilly fair that doth arrest
The passing sunbeam in its rapid flight;
Sweet are the blushing tints of morn
Ere Sol from ocean rises;
But sweeter far is Beauty's dawn,
Ere Beauty knows disguise;
Oh! bright's the bloom
That doth illume
The dewy beam that lights young Beauty's eyes.

Venus with all her fabl'd ardor burns,
And still her glittering charms with zeal displays,
Where many a dazz'd Paris still upturns
His fix'd, his ardent, his impassion'd gaze;
Luna evolves her silver ray
With Phœbus' fain to vie,
Spreads wide thro' Earth her mimic day,
Her glories thro' the sky;
But oh! their light
Is not so bright
As that which flashes from young Beauty's eyes.

When Switzers' chief the cruel bow-string drew,
Its twang was echo'd from his heart, and sped
A faithful herald, who, to Nature true,
In pity sou'd a son's devoted head;
The shafts that sped from foeman's bow,
To royal Philip's eye,
True to its string, dispens'd the blow
That made a Nation sigh;
But oh! the dart
That binds the heart
With surest aim—speeds from young Beauty's eye.

J. D. K.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor—With very little change the subjoined tale is founded on reality. The idea also, of preparing it for your publications, was suggested by a very interesting incident in real life. The honorable mansion of a cherished friend who lives to make that house a home to friend and stranger, stands on a commanding eminence. One of his daughters, who also lives and I hope will live through many and many years, to receive from some worthy man the love she deserves, was addressed, at the time of my visit to the family. It was a pleasant soft evening, and a tender brother led her out and placed her on a seat in a porch, from which a delightful landscape spread far to the east. We were all congratulating the sweet girl and ourselves on her recovery, when she observed with, I then and now believe, sincerity:

"I declare if I was to die my heart would delight to linger for months, for years, to enjoy what I have enjoyed for one week past, the dear attention and certain affection of such friends."

We all laughed and with gladness; jeering her in the intervals of our mirth, with the supposition that she seemed to entertain that the attention and certain affection of her friends could not be as well evinced in health as in sickness. But she maintained her position, and I really adopted her opinion, that such proofs were more forcible in the time of sickness and pain. But most cordially do I rejoice that the little sylph is so long, and promised to be for long coming years, compelled to put up with the least convincing species of evidence.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A TALE.

"The heav'ns are clothed in azure blue,
And gently falls the pearly dew;
How kind doth nature seem to be,
In all her pleasant walks we see,
A charm, creation will rejoice—
Again is heard 'the Turtle's voice,'
Zephyr his mildest gales doth bring,
And wafts them o'er the vales of spring."

Amongst the maidens whose infant face first smiled, and whose seventeenth birth day was passed on the banks of the Patuxent, few were more beautiful and none more amiable than was Maria Egerton. The morning of June which ushered in this seventeenth anniversary of the birth of a beloved member of a most tenderly attached family was heavy, cloudy, and sultry, but as the sun rose the tufts of mist were swept along the distant hill sides before a bracing western breeze. Fleecy cumuli rose and settled in many formed banks far beyond the distant horizon. The day and evening were unspeakably fine, and as the shades began to lengthen with the declining sun, the young and blithsome friends of Maria, were seen coming in groups to Egerton Hill.

It was to be an evening of joy and innocent mirth—and such it was. Egerton Hill, the seat of her father, and where the whole sixteen years of her peaceful life had been passed, was the centre of Maria's little world. With a mind placid as the summer sky, yet active and susceptible, this idol of her family had acquired a rich fund, of what was not only useful but also ornamental in education, and many were astonished to find in a young girl information, gained in the woods of Maryland, which many failed to obtain in seminaries famed for "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Playful as the lamb on the meadow, or the fawn on the mountain, the spirits of Maria Egerton was on the evening of her fete unusually buoyant. Her young friends had been invited to "a party on the green." The lawn shaded with old trees, planted when the ancestors of the Egertons first set down in the woods of Patuxent. Massive with the weight gained in one hundred and twenty years of growth, those trees now shadowed a canvass roof spread for the occasion, and under which a long table, elegantly supplied, was laid for the gladsome party. The brothers of Maria were the architects of "the wigwam," as they called the canopy.

I have often observed that if aged persons have at once good sense and good feeling enough to enter into their enjoyments, that the young most gladly mingle with the aged. The sports of even young children have been always a treat to me, but to meet a company of cultivated young persons, just on the eve of their entrance to the busy theatre of active life has been of all enjoyments the most exquisite; and I made one, with my grey head and thin visage, in the party which now assembled on the lawn before Egerton House—Ten years had I known, ten years had I seen Maria Egerton bloom from infancy to womanhood; but alas, I had also seen the roses fade on her cheeks. Flattering disease which undermines the source of life, and without the warning of pain. Is it that nature in withdrawing such spirits from the earth respect their innocence, and softly lure them on to other and more enduring happiness? Ever have I found persons touring from this world and its cares, under the mysterious guidance of consumption, in an especial degree mild and affectionate. They seem to look round them on all to whom they are related, or with whom they are associated, as beloved friends from whom they are to be separated, and at the same time a secret voice whispers long years of joy, health and kindred affection. When every eye but their own see, but fear to express the fatal truth, their perspective of life spreads away touched with an angel's pencil.

Such was Maria Egerton on the lovely June evening, which closed the seventeenth year of her unspotted existence. Though pale as a lilly, her dark eyes beamed unwonted lustre, while her gay and untroubled heart beat responsive to every warm and tender sentiment.—Over her company was spread a something of solemnity, yet not of sadness—many could not conceal from themselves the presentiment that no other birth day would ever dawn on Maria Egerton. Yet futurity smiled on her despairing spirit, and all united to make the evening one which could be remembered with pleasure, even should that pleasure be tinctured with the melancholy recollections of the departed.

"What a world it would be," said the presiding genii, "if we could always have summer and friends to enjoy it."

"And health with all the other and so forth," subjoined a young man whose anxious looks were turned on the pale face of the happy Maria, with an evident wish to divert her thoughts from a channel so full of forebodings, but the joyous girl had no gloomy thoughts to disturb her visions of days to come, and laughingly continued,—

"What a worldly philosopher cousin John Spencer will soon be"—

"When do you intend, Maria, to commence your philosophy?" archly demanded her eldest brother.

"Oh me," replied the sister, "let me see—five and five make ten, and sixteen and ten make twenty six—why brother John, sometime after my twenty-seventh."—The mirth of the group here drowned her words, but as they were spoken the now deepening shades of night concealed a thin cloud which passed over the faces of her friends—But joy and gladness predominated—The whisperings of coming calamity were repressed, and breaking into little family squads were seen flitting away in the moon light, and the gratified Maria retired to the mansion where her first and last day closed. * * *

Maria Egerton was one and the youngest of three children, who had been reared to know little of the follies or crimes of that vast world spreading far beyond their ken or wishes. Easy but not affluent, this family was alike ignorant of want or profusion. Maria was the cherished but unspoiled favorite of parents, brothers, and also of friends beyond the family mansion. Amongst those friends there was one who in days of unsuspecting infancy and girlish frolic, Maria called her third brother.—But time had commenced to teach Maria Egerton and John Spencer, that none can remain brother and sister but brother and sister, and that there were feelings other than fraternal. No cause of sinister import impeded the progress of their affection—no rude blast of adversity passed between them and happiness, and the day that was to change Maria Egerton to Maria Spencer was named.

Called away from the neighbourhood by business, I spent the evening before setting out at Egerton House, and as I rose to depart, Maria, while her hand was in mine, archly observed, "Mr. Bancroft remember the——day of October; if you are not here on that day, I'll never read another of your tales, that I swear, so mind."

"You shall read something about that same——day of October," I replied, patting her cheek as I departed.

The yellow and deep red of autumn had taken place of the green of summer—yet nature smiled in her decay, and yet her smiles were lost on me as with anxiety of mind I could not account for, I was hastening towards the Patuxent to form one at the union of two whom I loved as children. By a singular fatality, for many miles before reaching the old Meeting House of——, I met no person I knew, and absorbed as I was in uneasy thought, I sought no conversation with those I did meet. To reach Egerton house it was in my way to pass the Meeting House. Embosomed in trees still older than its moss covered roof, I was within a few yards of the gate, when I saw in the opposite direction a large company coming slowly and mournfully towards the gate which opened into the grave yard. An icy bolt seemed to pass through my heart, as instinctively I turned my view into the repository of the dead. A new dug grave in the place where for three generations, had been laid the mortal remains of departed Egertons. Beside it stood the old grave digger, who for forty years had opened the earth to receive its own dust.

Crowded and bitter were my reflections. I heard more than one voice sobbing, "Oh Maria Egerton will no more enter that house." A voice whispered, "Maria is in a mansion not made with hands—her spirit is now where even hope is lost in reality." Drawing down my hat, I mingled with the mourners, and unrecognized, with an aching heart, saw the clay covering laid over as much of unspotted innocence as the grave ever received. * * *

There are griefs which admit of neither consolation or open sympathy. Parents, brothers, betrothed and friends seemed, every one, wrapped in his own woe.—So was my own case, and I retired to my own dwelling to indulge the thronging recollections of the birth-day evening on the lawn.

Long days, weeks and months passed away, while sombre melancholy hung its dark curtain over the Egerton house and farm—the whole neighbourhood felt a share of melancholy recollection, and when the birth-day again came round on the tide of time, it was a birth-day of more than ordinary mourning. Some weeks before had the unseated form of John Spencer, been laid beside his earthly love.

How changed and changing are we. How much of joy and grief, of gain and loss, of hope and fear, of health and sickness are crowded into an individual history in one year of our pilgrimage on earth.—Spring opens and shades her wildest flowers in our path, summer promises, and autumn rewards our labour—prosperity beams before us—we look on those we love, and rejoice that we can minister to their happiness: but while we gaze upon their faces, disease and death are ready to teach us how fleeting are our purest enjoyments, and how deceitful is hope. Still there is a something of unspeakable, though melancholy pleasure in the remembrance of the virtuous dead.

When time had softened his own sorrows—indeed when eternity was opening before him, and when his Maria seemed to beckon him away to share her felicity, John Spencer gave me in few words, the history of the last days of her he called his wife.

When the fatal truth could not be longer concealed from herself—when hopes of life could no longer be indulged, and when the tear stole down the cheeks of parents and brothers, it was only for them and for one still more dear that she mourned. Death for her soul had no terror. In her sunny days there was a seat between two of her paternal trees on which at eve Maria loved to read, and there, many an eve of her life was passed, while a relative or friend were delighted to hear her clear and silver tones repeat the poetic lines of the best English poets. Only two days before her final departure, her betrothed was sitting at her side. She requested to be led to her once favorite seat, her request was complied with, and she, carefully wrapped, was placed where so many moments of happy life were spent. The golden flashes from a setting sun of surpassing splendor were playing amongst the now mingled green and yellow foliage. The invalid beheld the glorious picture, her eye enkindled, her soul seemed borne already to regions still infinitely more glorious, whilst her distressed relatives, and him who by laws more sacred than those of man was her husband, sat awed into mute—not despair—no, it was a share of that sublimity of mind which often precedes death and triumphs over the king of terrors. It was a scene far above description——.

Oft do the once joyous companions of Maria, seat themselves at the evening hour on her seat, and whilst in sweetest remembrance recalling her thousand kindnesses, catch and enjoy wrapt adoration. It was in that seat where I last heard the deep and hollow tones of John Spencer, rejoicing that when a few more suns had run their course he would be with his Maria. Is there another consolation in our pilgrimage of life so cheering as the remembrance of the beloved departed?—None.

MARK BANCROFT.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE EARLY MORN.

Come, dearest, rise, and let's away
Before the melting sun's return,
Encumbered thus no longer stay,
But roving, bless the youthful day—
Welcome, bid each wak'ning ray,
And drink the breath of rosy morn.

Come, dearest, to the fields away,
And while the birds encumbered sing,
Responding to each happy lay,
We'll o'er the laughing meadows stray,
While every sweet is on the wing!

Come, dearest, to the fields away,
For lads and lassons all invite;
Brisk Nature beckoning, seems to say,
Come join us in the reveil'day,
Come all and share the new delight.

Come, dearest, to the fields away,
Meet the young Zephyr's balmy kiss;
And the glad moments, fair and gay;
Ambrosial moments—shall repay
The clouserest moments we dismiss.

Come, dearest, to the fields away,
Where brightening buds in sweet employ,
Shall fondly to our sight display,
And kindly to our hearts convey
(New Flora bids,) their opening joy.

Come then, my dearest, come away,
Aurora calling, him would bless;
So we responsive, will obey,
For bliss and blessing we'll survey
Her all endearing loveliness.

C. G.

THE NOTARY OF PERIGUEUX.

From Outre Mer.—By H. W. Longfellow.

Do not trust thy body with a physician. He'd make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a fortnight after.

SPIELZER.

You must know, gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Perigueux, an honest Notary Public, the descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old weather-beaten tenements which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of no swaggering, sheepish deposition; the father of a family, though not the head of it,—for in that family "the hen over-crowed the cock," and the neighbours, when they spoke of the Notary, shrugged their shoulders and exclaimed, "Poor fellow! his spurs want sharpening." In fine—you understand me, gentlemen—he was a hen pecked man.

Well, finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamours of domestic life. This was a little *café restaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favorite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved; heard all the floating chit-chat of the day; laughed when he was in merry mood; found consolation when he was sad; and at all times gave vent to his opinions without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the Notary's bosom friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *estaminet*. He was a gross corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and acted by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good-humour, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communication corrupts good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer soon miserably upon the worthy Notary; and before he was aware of it, he found himself wreaked from dominos and sugar-water, and addicted to piquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that after a long session at the *estaminet*, the two friends gave as urbane that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute which should conduct the other home.

Though the course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the deuce with the more sensitive organization of the Notary, and finally put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed-curtains and the night-mare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tippled; and the more he smoked and tippled—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed—remonstrated—entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him—he retreated to the tavern; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the andirons—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat pocket. * * *

Thus the unhappy Notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined he was going to die; and suffered in quick succession all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom—every uneasy feeling after dinner a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavour to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination? His only answer was, "Do let me alone; I know better than you what ails me."

Well, gentlemen, things were in this state, when one afternoon in December, as he sat musing in his office, wrapped in an overcoat, with a cap on his head and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without roused him from his gloomy reverie. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked the night before with a violent fever, and growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the Notary to draw up his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay; and the Notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not with out some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found every thing in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as long as your arm, and a pharmaceutical instrument somewhat longer; and a few steps further he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about under a huge pile of bed-clothes, in a paroxysm of fever, calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The Notary shook his head; he thought this a fatal symptom; for ten years back the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bedside, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed—

"Ah! my dear friend! have you come at last? You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah, *grand diable!* how hot it is here! Water—water—water! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water?"

As the case was an urgent one, the Notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the Notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Paternoster with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and card-table.

"Take care! take care! There, now—Credo in—pop! ting-a-ling-ling! give me some of that Credo, dear! Why, you old publican, the wine is poisoned—I know your tricks! *Sanctus ecclesiam* Catholicam. Well, well, we shall see. Imbecile! To have a thousand masses and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven. By St. Anthony, caput! You are lurched—*Ha!* ha! I told you so. I knew very well—there—there—don't interrupt me—*Carnis resurrectionem et vitam æternam.*"

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the Notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert; and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe, and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him and said—

"Dreadful sickly time, this! The disorder seems to be spreading."

"What disorder?" exclaimed the Notary, with a movement of surprise.

"Two died yesterday, and three to-day," continued the apothecary, without answering the question. "Very sickly time, sir—very."

"But what disorder is it? What disease has carried off our friend here so suddenly?"

"What disease? Why, scarlet fever, to be sure."

"And is it contagious?"

"Certainly."

"Then I am a dead man!" exclaimed the Notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat-pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. "I am a dead man! Now don't deceive me—don't, sir, pray. What—what are the symptoms?"

"A sharp burning pain in the right side," said the apothecary.

"Oh, what a fool I was to come here! Take me home—take me home, and let me die in the bosom of my family!"

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him;—he was not a man to be reasoned with: he answered that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted on going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city; and the whole neighbourhood was asleep and asleep. What was to be done? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary's horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently waiting his master's will.

Well, gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our Notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth. Over-head the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly-risen moon were-wolf to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom, and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road side groaned with a sound of ever-ness, and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long hard trot; while the rider filled with a thousand dismal and dire presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whipping and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the Notary had so far subsided that he even tattered the poor horse's sides with hill; but these new heroisms were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

"It is upon me at last!" groaned the fear-stricken man. "Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners! And must I die in a ditch after all? Ha! get up—get up."

And away went horse and rider at full speed—hurry scurry—up hill and down—panting and blowing like all possessed. At every leap, the pain in the rider's side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle—then it spread to the size of a six franc piece—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the morn commenced,—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were naught to him; for though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not; the fatal symptom was upon him; he was doomed to die—not of cold, but of scarlet fever!

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading in a corner of the street, sewing the Notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story. But on went the Notary, down the street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife's bed-chamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night; and the Notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the wind-w-curtain.

"Let me in! let me in! Quick! quick!" he exclaimed, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

"Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night?" cried a sharp voice from above. "Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep."

"Oh, diable, diable! Come down and let me in! I am your husband. Don't you know my voice? Quick, I beseech you; for I am dying here in the street!"

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door opened, and the Notary walked into his domestic pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armour of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armour was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black!

"My dear wife!" he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for many years, "reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man!"

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his overcoat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the Notary's pipe! He placed his hand upon his side, and, lo! it was here to the skin! waistcoat, and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a bluer on his side as large over as your hand!

The mystery was now explained, symptom and all. The Notary had put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes! And so my story ends.

"Is that all?" asked the radical, when the storyteller had finished.

"That is all."

"Well, what does your story go to prove?—What bearing has it on the great interests of man?"

"That is more than I can tell. All I know is that the story is true."

"And did he die?" and the nose little man in gosling green.

"Yes; he died *afterward*," replied the storyteller, rather annoyed by the question.

"And what did he die of?" continued gosling green, following him up.

"What did he die of?" wishing to the rest of the company; "why, he died—of a sudden!"

For the Saturday Evening Post.

To a White Rose.

Where is the modest blush? *sweet rose,*
Which to us wont thee to adorn;
The lovely crimson tint that glows
Upon thy cheeks like smiling morn?

Have thou exchanged it for this shade?
This paler robe of spotless white—
'Tis true that thou art purer made,
But much less lovely in my sight.

White is the emblem, it is true,
Of innocence and purity—
But loveliness, dear rose, in you,
Contents in blushing modesty.

The rich vermillion untied hue,
In which thou usually dost bloom,
I would not change for white or blue,
Or any shade thou couldst assume.

Then lay aside this mantle bright;
Resume again thy wonted blush,—
Put off the less attractive white,
For the more lovely, modest flush. JULIAN.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE NIGHTMARE.

'Tis eve—the lucid waves are leaping,
The stars like angel's eyes are peeping,
Romance is roaming in the bowers,
And fancy on her throne of flowers,
Is listening to the silver shell,
Of echo in the distant dell.

The moon had hung her silver crescent in the western halls of heaven, and her rays were sleeping on the surface of the waters like smiles upon the face of infancy. The Lady Julia had seated herself in her sumptuous bower at the foot of the flower garden, whose waters were around her, and the rippling waves broke and murmured on the sandy shore at her feet. She was leaning carelessly over her guitar and touching the strings to a plaintive air, which was a favourite to other ears than her own. Over her white and graceful neck fell the rich profusion of her glossy hair, while her classic brow and intellectual eye, were occasionally turned towards the moon. Truly has music been called the food of love, and the Lady Julia was indulging in a reverie of pure though voluptuous passion.

With respect to the character of the Lady Julia, it is unnecessary to inform the reader any further than that she was an heiress, whose father had left a handsome fortune ere she was grown. She was now nineteen, handsome, with many accomplishments, and a power of fascination unequalled. Many proud, generous and gifted hearts had bowed down before her and worshipped her charms, among whom was Granville Sharpe, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, a scholar, a poet and a gentleman. Foremost among his rivals was the young Charles Clelland, possessing a fortune, a high though sometimes a false sense of honour, and a spirit that could bear no indignity or insolence. Romantic to the last degree, he had fixed his heart upon the Lady Julia, and was determined to possess her, at the risk of his own life, or the sacrifice of those who opposed him. They had grown up together and had been attached to each other like a brother and sister for many years.

"What sound is that?" whispered the Lady Julia, as she dropped the guard upon the green bank at her side. "The moon is almost down, and methinks I hear the sound of oars in the dim distance."

She turned to retrace her steps to her parlour, when from among the shrubbery which lined the shore on one side, and the next moment a young man, partly in disguise, stepped on shore.

"Stay lady—fly not from him who can never cease to adore you while his heart continues to beat."

She had reached the shade of an embrageous tree but a few yards from the shore, when he sprang forward, seized her hand and sank upon his knee before her.

"Charles Clelland," cried the noble minded girl, turning her dark eyes upon him, "leave me this instant or a stronger arm than mine shall punish your presumption."

"What mean you Julia?" asked the infatuated Charles, staggering back with astonishment.

"I mean that he who can stoop to a dishonourable action, and use dissimulation to cover it, is not worthy of the confidence of a lady at any time, much less at such an hour as this."

"For heaven's sake disclose the charge," exclaimed Charles, with wonder and astonishment depicted upon his countenance, "and keep me no longer in suspense. Torture and death are preferable to the pangs of unpaid ingratitude, to which my head, no less than my heart is a stranger."

"Counterfeited innocence is but a poor shield in the presence of immaculate truth. Leave me," said the dignified girl, waving her white hand, glittering with jewels, "nor longer darken your errors and your character, by a vain attempt to cover your conduct by equivocation and affected ignorance."

"No, by the purity of yonder moon, I swear I will not leave you;" exclaimed the desperate youth kneeling before her, "till I know the charge which dooms me to degradation and blasts the hopes which I have cherished as the charm of my existence. Nay, I will not leave you, though the announcation like a leaping bolt of heaven's lightning should dash me to the dust, the blighted, and the hated object of your eternal scorn. Heaven is witness that I am innocent, and if I must fall, let me perish in the presence of her whose image is the idol of my soul, and whose displeasure must sound the knell of despair and death."

Julia coldly turned her dark eyes from him, and trembled with contending emotions as he proceeded.

"Julia, Julia you have been the dream of my existence—it is vain, I cannot live without you. In you are bound up the hopes and happiness of life, they have all been embarked upon the uncertain sea of love, and should storm now wreck them. I am undone forever. On your lips dwells the fiat of my fate. 'Tis yours to give me bliss or doom me to an untimely tomb. I cannot, I will not survive your eternal displeasure, but ere I fall the vengeance of insulted and injured innocence, shall make a victim of the villain who has basely dared to rise upon my ruin, and triumph in my fall. Oh Julia, turn not away the light of thine eyes, which has so long been the sunshine of my soul, and frown not upon one whose world is your presence, and whose life is devoted to your happiness."

The gaze of Charles was fixed upon the sinking moon as she went down on the silent world. "Thus," cried he, "is the star of hope and happiness, sinking to the verge of my own heart's horizon, ready to disappear and leave me mute to silence, to darkness and despair. Thus is the sun which arose on the green perspective of bliss about to set forever on the wide waste of benighted memory."

He turned to gaze upon the angel face and form of Julia, but she was gone even like the brilliant hopes of other years, she had silently fled from his presence, and left him in a state of suspense and perplexity little inferior to desperation. The last glimpse of the disk of the moon had disappeared below the horizon, and dark mose rested upon the green groves and shrubbery of the garden, sacred to the loves and dalliances of the fascinating Julia. Thus, thought he, was Adam made wretched in the Eden of his former bliss, in the scenes so long sacred to his happiness. Thus, too, had been made wretched by the caprice of a lovely woman whose chains he loved to wear, and whose bondage he could not break. Involuntarily his eyes sought the fairy and fascinating form of her whom he had so long loved, but the vision of his heart's idolatry had disappeared and left him to the solitary musings of memory. The glimmering of a lamp burning in the window of her chamber arrested his gaze, though dimly seen through the intervening foliage, like the faint ray of hope amid the dark shadows of life. He was reflecting upon the variable and eccentric nature of woman and the precept of Terence crossed his mind. *Nosci ingenium mulierum; nolunt ubi velis, ubi nolis cupiunt ultro.* *I know the nature of women. When you request, they refuse; when you forbid, they are sure to do it.*

The door of the mansion which held the fascinating Julia stood open, the stairway was before the eyes of the bewildered lover, and seemed to welcome him. He hesitated not a moment, but softly ascended the winding staircase. His footsteps were unheard, he entered the upper parlour unseen and beheld the charming girl in a loose white robe, lying on a voluptuous ottoman. A book had fallen from her hand on the carpet and she was weeping; she was indulging in the luxury of grief. For a moment he stood like a statue gazing upon the outlines of her exquisite form, and the next moment rushed forward, and fell at her feet. Julia aroused by the sudden movement, gave a faint scream, and demanded in a tremulous though authoritative tone, the purport of his unseasonable intrusion.

"By what right, Sir, or by what precedent do you thus presume to intrude upon the privacy of a lady?—Leave the room instantly, or the breach of decorum shall be visited with the penalty it merits."

"Nay, gentle Julia, hear me but a moment as I have but a few minutes to live. Death is the last refuge of the wretched, and sooner than be discarded by her whom I have so long and so devotedly loved, I have come to die in her presence. Oh, Julia, if 'tis a crime to love you, take this instrument and plunge it to the heart that beats only for you," and he held a jewelled dagger glittering in her gaze.

"What mean you?" asked the relenting girl, her slender form trembling violently with emotion.

"I mean still to live in your smiles or die at your feet," coolly responded the daring man. "I cannot endure your hatred, and yet I would live to take vengeance on the villain who has basely attempted to transfer your affection by sinking an innocent name in you esteem. Envy is a mean passion, the very soul of selfishness; it would blast with a blot the brightest character for a single smile and drag down from heaven the most brilliant intellect, if it could be suffered to rise upon the pinions thus polluted. On that this arm could reach the coward heart that——"

"Ah Charles," exclaimed the gentle Julia, with a pensive look, "let the matter pass for the present.—Would that I had never mentioned it, as I fear some fatal consequence may follow."

"Nay, thou fair angel of my soul, honour binds thee to disclose the treachery of him who would basely sacrifice me to his own aggrandizement."

"Alas!" exclaimed Julia, casting upon him her melancholy eyes, "the story is true, the facts are ——."

"Death and damnation!" vociferated the rash young man, drawing from his bosom the dagger, "am I to be the victim of a set of systematic villains, thirsting for my ruin?"

Julia sprang forward, seized the dagger with her own fair hand and buried it beneath the pillow of her sofa. Charles as an act of homage bowed before her.

"Act not rashly, Charles, and when we meet again, I will disclose to you all that has been alluded to this night, provided you promise that you will take vengeance only for that part of the story which may be proved to be false, that you will pardon all that is spoken of truth."

"I promise," hastily returned Charles taking his hat, "and oh, Julia, if you forsake me I am undone; I am undone forever, ruined, ruined eternally."

"Julia heard his retiring footsteps on the stairs and threw herself upon the sofa in a state of mind bordering on distraction. Starting as she exclaimed—

"Oh love what a state of agony are thou, how perplexing to the soul! What a condition is mine! If I disclose to Charles the story of his villainy, and ease him off, he will perhaps plunge a dagger to his heart and stain me with his blood; and if I confess to him that the Lieut. Granville is my informant he will challenge him to the field and one or both may fall. Oh what a wretched fate is mine; Oh whither shall I fly to escape it. Would that I were the child of obscurity."

Through the greater part of the night Julia wrung her hands and walked the floor. The next day came and passed, and in the evening the moon hung her silver bow again in the western hall of heaven. Again in the foot of the garden beneath the spreading branches of a tree at the margin of the water, sat Julia musing on the vicissitudes of life, its perplexities, its joys and its cares. The moonbeams were dancing on the waters, and in the distance several pleasure boats freighted with the lovely and the gay, were sailing over the smooth surface, gently heeding to the breeze.

"Even like them," said the musing girl audibly "do we sail on the current of life when it is unruffled by the storm and tempest of passion. Like them we pass over the surface of life and leave no track upon its tide to tell the coming mariner that we have been there."

"True," said a voice behind her, "and how pleasant when we are accompanied by those we love."

Julia started from her reverie, turned in the direction of the sound, and saw Granville Sharpe, standing behind her, his eyes fixed upon the lovely being, and the scene before him.

"Oh Granville, you have broken in upon my reverie" said Julia, her eyes swimming and dancing with delight, "and robbed of its only moments of happiness I have enjoyed in some days."

"I should suppose happiness to be no stranger to the bosom of so lovely, and so accomplished a girl as yourself," returned Granville, bowing respectfully to the object of his idolatry.

"Nay no flattery Granville, it ill befits a polished ear. Ever since you hinted at the conduct of Charles Clelland I have been a wretched woman."

"Ah! then you sympathise and mourn over the degradation of a fallen favourite."

"I fear some fatal consequence to you," returned Julia, blushing to her very temples.

"Nay, fear not, but be assured, and I will relate to you the story at which I hinted and which can be proved by a witness not far from us. You remember the poor orphan girl, Ellen Blake, whose dying parent bequeathed her to the protection of Charles Clelland her cousin?"

"I saw her once," returned Julia, "three years since, and she was a modest and a beautiful girl."

"The very model of modesty," said Granville, "and how base to meanly take the advantage of an unsuspecting girl who looked up to him as the guardian of her youth, and the protector of her innocence. With the duplicity of a villain, he first pretended a passion for her, and offered her a worthless heart. In the delirium of her supposed good fortune, and in perfect confidence, (for we seldom doubt others when our own heart is pure,) she in an evil moment sacrificed her honour to the affection she bore him."

"And did he act nobly towards her afterwards?" asked Julia while a deep blush suffused her cheek.

"Nay, there lies the virtue of his villainy. In the hour of deep distress, he turned her into the wide cold world to beg or starve. He, however, only exhibited the nature of his sex, for all men hate the victim, whose virtue has been blighted, though the victim flings to the destroyer with a still fonder affection. It were well if all the female world knew this."

"It were well," returned Julia, with a deep involuntary sigh, "it were well indeed."

"You sigh deeply Julia," said Granville, "do you pity the villain or the victim most?"

"A generous question, truly," returned Julia, "to ask a lady."

"I know," returned Granville, "that your sex is prone to take the part of ours, even when your own suffers. The vengeance of offended virtue is severe, and it always falls upon the head of the victim. Unmitigated misery is the lot of her that has been deceived by a heartless scoundrel, for when her fame is once

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AN EVENING AT NEIL'S—No. 13.

Squibb and Fustian discovered, sitting puffing a couple of Seby's—Sir Oracle enters in a travelling dress, as if but just returned from a journey.

Squibb—Ah! Sir Oracle, are you there; Fustian, and myself have been in the city a fortnight, and we have nearly expired through regret at not having you here, to deliver some of your admirable sayings, and pithy maxims.

Sir Oracle—You are the same nonsensical coxcomb as ever, I perceive, Squibb. Travelling has not wrought out the desired effect of returning you to us, a sadder and a—

Fustian—Finish the quotation, for I assure you he is neither a wiser, nor a better man than when he first turned his face towards the land of the Dutchmen. But come, be seated and in a glass of Poughkeepsie, forget the cares of travelling, its thousand vexations, and incidental breaking of heads.

Sir Oracle—All these have I endured, save the last, in the which, may "Heaven save the mark," as it have no particular desire to become the post mortem client of the coroner.—However, among all my troubles, there came the soothing metaphor of Goldsmith—

"And as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
"Pants in the place from whence at first it flew,
"I still had hopes,—my long vexations past
"Here to return.

Squibb—To continue the quotation,—"and die at home at last."

Sir Oracle—Yes, but not at present, there is a paradox for you to digest.

Squibb—Three is a magical number, and I am no longer perplexed to divine why Fustian and I were unable to come to order on a debateable subject. Your return furnishes the all important item that was wanting to make our Congress a perfect unit; and I assure you, the weird sisters of Macbeth never hailed the arrival of an absent member with more pleasure than I now welcome you—coming, as you do, to relieve me from the torture of Fustian's sententious axioms, and laboured witticisms.

Sir Oracle—You burthen me with compliments *Amigo Mio*, and Fustian too seems oppressed with your distinguishing remarks.

Fustian—Not I.—Squibb has kept at a respectable distance since our return, and I was endeavouring to remember whether or no, I had not lent him monies; as he usually forgets to call upon those whose ill luck it is, to have his name in their books.

Squibb—"Kept at a respectable distance," and why? because you have kept close to your attic for the last two weeks, compiling your various gleanings for publication, and when I called at your residence in answer to my enquiry whether you were at home, I heard you croak from the garret—"Jack!—not at home to Mr. Squibb."

Sir Oracle—Is this true, Fustian? if it is, you have been guilty of—

Fustian—Suspend judgment, one moment, until I read you a letter I received from Squibb the day subsequent to my return—Here it is.

"*Friend Fustian.*—Glorious news! have you heard it? the people of Baltimore have risen in their might, and exercising a prerogative taught them by a sense of their injuries, they have boarded the Bank spoilers in their very den. It is a second revolution and worthy the applause of all friends of Liberty—I long to discuss its bearings with you. Be at Neil's to night where you will find— SQUIBB."

Sir Oracle—You did not go, of course—

Fustian—Go! forsooth—do you suppose I would hold communion with the advocate of riot, or come in contact with a man who can call an outrage perpetrated by a wild and disorderly mob—as worthy of the applause of an insulted community?—Better go to the Menagerie and conjugate the verb *Amo* with an Hyena, or feed tigers with a tea spoon. It was for this very cogent reason I denied myself to him!

Squibb—Is it possible that you, Fustian, from whom I would have looked for more rational conclusions, can have no little sympathy for the wrongs of a large number of the industrious poor. You are aware of the causes that induced them to act as they did. You know that they waited patiently for redress, and so long as there remained a hope of obtaining it or the restitution of the property so fraudulently wrested from them, they remained quiet, nor manifested their resentment by a public commotion! Knowing all this, you do not scruple to brand them with the most approbrious epithets, and stigmatize their motives as lawless and unprincipled. You are wrong, very wrong!

Sir Oracle—I do not agree with you, that Fustian has been in anywise too harsh, there might have been somewhat milder language used; but the subject affords an excuse. It is you that is wrong—you view this question only through the bearings the effects have to the cause, and forget the future precedent that must of necessity follow. Our lot has indeed fallen upon evil times, when in an enlightened and judicial age, such disgraceful proceedings are the order of the day, and not only permitted, but calmly witnessed by some—by others negatively aided.

Squibb—You reason like a man who laughs at a joke, at another's expense; yet when he finds the relation has been merely using another person upon whom to hinge the quiz and that he is himself the victim, he, of course, is stung at being a double dupe. So it is with you—Reposing safely—aloof from the events on which you speculate, you can discuss it with a stoic's calmness, and view it in the abstract. But should it come home to yourself—should you too feel the lash! my life on it, your theory would be quickly merged in avenging the wrong and paying back to the scourger, stroke for stroke, and blow for blow. The dupes of the Bank of Baltimore felt the scourge and they resented it, by the means which seemed to them the most calculated to effect their purpose.

Sir Oracle—And who made them the executors of vengeance? From whence did they derive their power to measure out punishment for wrongs, whether real or imaginary? Would the law afford them no redress! were the temples of Justice closed against their plea, and did they meet as answers to their complaints, silence and contempt from the tribunals authorized to receive, and determine upon their petitions? Not so—on the contrary, they were too impatient to wait a course of judicial proceedings—Their demands were imperiously made, and when they found that intimidation worked not out the desired effect, they took council among themselves, and actuated by a spirit, which I trust in Heaven will never again display itself, they instituted a course of proceedings as dishonorable as they proved fruitless; as alien to their real interests, as they proved injurious to the well being of the community, and to the unfortunate objects of their resentment.

Fustian—The course they pursued furnishes a melancholy commentary upon the dangerous nature of such proceedings. Their ostensible object was to wreck their vengeance upon those persons connected with the Institution, which had called forth the outrage. But once upon the stormy ocean of popular tumult, and they lost all command of their passions, floating as the winds bore them or the billows toss. Did an agent of the police attempt to preserve a citizen's house from pillage, his dwelling was destroyed and his life aimed at! Did a friend to good order oppose his breast to the fury of the multitude, and resist their passage!—He too, lost caste, and his family were driven from their home, by a brutal and excited mob. This is, however, no new feature in the outbreaking of mobocracy. Naples felt its blighting influence under the sway of Masaniello, and the homes of old England bore witness also when Jack Cade set about his reformation of the laws. I had hoped that our country would have been spared its visitations.

Squibb—This may all be true; and no one regrets it more than I do. Yet what in the context—that there is no redress for the individual who confides the scanty savings of a life of economy, and privation to the keeping of a wealthy and powerful Association. The outward semblance is such as to gain his confidence and he gives to their charge *his all*—They prove as rotten as Egypt's Mausoleums pleasing to the eye, but within, corruption. He is robbed—He appeals to the laws of his country for redress, he is turned away without it, he leaves this, so called Tribunal of Justice, and casts his eyes upon the stately dome where dwells his defrauder, who nots in the very wealth, fraudulently obtained, yet legally withheld from its legitimate owner, yet Philosophy tells him he must endure it calmly, or should he adopt and the alternative of within his power, he is stigmatized as a plunderer—the lawless disturber of the city's peace—the spoiler of an innocent man's possessions.

Fustian—If the law is too lenient, the liberty of choosing representatives is his, that they be amended. If its agents are corrupt—has the prerogative to hurl them from their offices.

Squibb—And starve himself and family, until the lazy wheels of Time bring round the hour of action.

Sir Oracle—There is no necessity for any measures of the kind. The law requires no alterations, nor does it need new agents to enforce it. Can we say that justice has been denied them? Is not this singular case now pending, and was it not a well known fact, known to these self constituted avengers, that investigation was being made, and still is employed, in endeavouring to bring it to a just and conclusive termination? And even if this were not the fact, and justice was refused to the complainants. Does it excuse their course of action; shall we include in a punishment, designed for the guilty, the unfortunate individual whose professional services were rendered in the ordinary course of business, to the clearing up of the conduct of his clients—must the City Authorities, the officers of the Police, the bystander, who was merely "a looker on in Venice," must they too be reformed, and taught the lesson of another's faults, in their own destruction. These are cold principles, and will not hang well to the doctrines you now uphold.

Squibb—The few cases that may have occurred to exert this stricture, are to be traced to the confusion and mistakes, rather than the evil intentions of the people.

Sir Oracle—Ay! indeed, and how, may I ask, does this strengthen the wisdom, of suffering a mob to rule. It is more advisable to live under the sheltering wings of those laws, that for sixty years have proved amply sufficient for our safety, and well being than to establish a new order of things in the execution of which I may lose my life, and you, your possessions.

Squibb—Then as I understand you, it is better for the sufferers to bear with their wrongs than to measure out punishment according to the means, which are fortuitously placed in their power.

Sir Oracle—Taking your query in its widest sense; I answer, yes! although in this case, they have not been driven by necessity to adopt any course of the kind, *that is*, if my previous remarks have been admitted by you as correct, and you have not sought to disprove them. Would you set fire to a train whereby your own life will be sacrificed, merely to destroy a fly! Would you add fuel to the overgrown and combustible passions of a misguided and irritated people that you might redress a single injury! Is not the atmosphere we breathe loaded with danger, every inhalation is fraught with disorder and the intelligence from North and South conveys the fact that bands are gathering in almost every section, which, after the principles laid down by their friends of Baltimore, constitute themselves avengers of public wrongs, and private quarrels. No other law is popular but Lynch's, and whether it be in uniting with missiles a steamer on the Hudson, or ruthlessly taking away mens' lives in Mississippi, the same *song from* is evinced by the sovereign people. One party is warned that its, and *brethren* will be their portion if they do not at once leave their houses and expatriate themselves; for the apprehension of another, $20,000 is offered! So it goes on, and we find that mobocracy is the only ruler. The people throw up their caps to his majesty, and shout for King Log! All this must have a crisis, and I fear me that the time may come, unless promptitude and resolution be *immediate*—when an American Marius shall pour over the ruins of Good Order, the appropriate ejaculation of Horace—

"Hoc fonte derivate clades
"In patriam, populumque fluxit!

Squibb—"Inops hominibus natura *violentiæ* remisere," and I for one, am with the poet "Malim inquietum libertatem quam quietum servitium."

Fustian—"Libertas ea potestas facienda quod *jure licet*," and if Cicero be right there is but little chance that such small conservatives as you, Squibb, can be otherwise than wrong!

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 29, 1835.

☞ Our distant correspondents are informed that their special favours in any quantity, as dead as the grave office awaiting their further orders.

☞ The terms of "Bills to be Subscribers for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Casket, who prevaise payment" at the end of the year," are laid on the shelf, as inadmissible.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"Doctor Mac Bride," from the Milford Bard, is received, and will be published shortly.

"The Maniac Girl" is inadmissible—the poetry is shocking.

"The Essay on Philanthropy," by Sigma, is accepted for publication.

The article by Nuse we decline.

There are some good lines in the article on Love and Pride, sent in by Alberto, but there are also a number of very awkward passages. A careful revision, by the author, is indispensably necessary.

The article signed "An Invalid," requires the responsibility of a name with which we are acquainted.

LITERARY NOTICES.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

COMLY'S SPELLING BOOK.—A new edition of this work, revised and enlarged, has just been published by Messrs. Marshall & Co. of this city. This work has been a prominent school book in this country for many years, and it appears to keep its place steadily, notwithstanding the great number of similar publications which have been thrown from the press. It is a book of acknowledged merit with all teachers that we have ever conversed with on the subject.

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.—Messrs. White, Hutchinson & Dwier, of Hartford, Conn. have just published a new edition of Huntington's Modern Geography, adapted to the use of schools, academies, and families. It is designed to answer the two-fold purpose of a correct guide to the student, and of a geographical reading book, and great care has been taken to introduce the latest information. The book is ornamented with a number of very pretty cuts.

HUNTINGTON'S SCHOOL ATLAS accompanies the above, furnishing several well coloured and handsomely executed maps, and a number of useful tables.

The above works are for sale at the bookstore of Desilver, Thomas & Co. 247 Market street.

ABORIGINAL PORT FOLIO.—The fourth number of this popular work, by Mr. Lewis, has just appeared. It contains the following portraits—Kaa-nun-der—Waguisse-zoo, or the Berry Picker, a famous Chippewa chief—Can-ista-ke-ming-ga or the Speckled Loon, a Miami chief—Caw-ista-wa-be-ta, or the Dangled Tooth, a Chippewa chief—O'Check-ka, or Four Legs, head chief of the Winnebagoes—A Winnebago Squaw, wife of Four Legs—Ka-nee, or the Little Sturgeon, a Chippeway chief—Na-she-mungga, a Miami chief—and Wemh-cub, or the Sweet, a noted Chippawa chief. All of these plates are handsomely colored. The Port Folio evidently increases in attraction, with each successive number. We are glad to learn that it meets with a liberal patronage.

VIEWS IN SWITZERLAND.—We have been favored with part first of a new work, entitled "Switzerland, by William Beattie, M. D. illustrated in a series of views taken on the spot, by W. H. Bartlett, Esq." It is in quarto form, and contains the following engravings—Cottage near Thun; Zurich; Castle of Spiez on Lake Thun; Thun, with the Bernese Alps; and Val D' Ossola. These engravings are among the best we have ever seen, and the views are truly magnificent and sublime. Those who have a taste for these matters will be delighted with the work, as it exhibits very clearly the rapid advance of the fine arts, and at the same time gives a view of some of the finest scenery in the world. Letter press descriptions accompany the engravings.

A gentleman will shortly wait upon the public to solicit subscriptions for this work.

MIRIAM COFFIN.—The second edition of this excellent American novel has just been issued from the press of the Harpers. The author is said to be a highly gifted gentleman of New York; but as yet he has successfully preserved his *incognito*. He need not, however, hesitate to avow himself; the public would be pleased to learn the name of one who has so signally contributed to their gratification. The work in question, is one of a peculiar character. The scene is chiefly laid in the island of Nantucket, an isolated part of the country, which affords but scanty materials to the novelist; but the author has, nevertheless, made it the groundwork of a most agreeable and delightful fiction. The work has already been republished in London, and the accomiums bestowed upon it by the press in this country, have been loudly reiterated by that of England. This is a sufficient evidence of its intrinsic merits.

SIMMS' NEW WORK.—We see it stated that the new novel, from the pen of W. G. Simms, Esq., now in the press of the Harpers, is entitled "*The Partisan:* a tale of the Revolution." The scene is laid, principally, in the old town or village of Dorchester, S. C.—The narrative begins in the year 1780,—and the first chapter gives a vivd picture of the gloomy condition of South Carolina, just before Marion the "Swamp Fox," and Sumpter, the "Game Cock," had commenced their brilliant series of partisan exploits, and when Tarleton, the Clavershouse of South Carolina, was roting in his savage success.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION.—This is a work on the education of children, commencing with the infant: by Madame Neckar de Saussure. The present edition is a translation from the French, with notes and an appendix, by Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Phelps. The work is a valuable addition to the many already extant on the subject of education, and sustained as it is by the names of ladies of high reputation, cannot fail to command the attention of parents and teachers.

It is from the press of Wm. D. Ticknor, Boston, and may be procured in this city, of Messrs. Carey & Hart.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, a valuable semi-monthly periodical, continues to be published by Samuel Colman, of Boston. We have two late numbers before us, which contain a number of very pretty engravings, and several valuable miscellaneous articles.

THE CAUSE OF THE MUSE.—Messrs. Carey & Hart have just issued the second series of this work, from the pen of the author of "Tom Cringle's Log," a publication deservedly celebrated for the thrilling nature of the incidents therein recorded. Many passages of the Cruise have been copied into our leading journals from the English Magazines, and the high degree of favor with which they have been received, has led to their publication in book form. The volumes abound in interesting sketches, and will well repay a perusal.

MADDEN'S TWELVE MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.—Just published, in two volumes, by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, is certainly one of the best publications of the day. Dr. Madden is well known to the reading public as the author of "*Infirmities of Genius*," "Travels in the East," and other works of merit.—He visited the West Indies, in 1833, as one of the Stipendiary Magistrates, appointed by the Government of Great Britain, to assist in the introduction of the apprenticeship system among the slaves, and his remarks on that subject, which are distinguished by liberality and candour, will be read with peculiar interest. The principal part of the work—all of which is replete with amusement and instruction—relates to the Island of Jamaica, of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of which, soil, climate, productions, &c. a detailed account is given. The work is in the form of letters addressed to many distinguished individuals, among whom are Campbell, Moore, Charles Matthews, Count D'Orsay, Lady Blessington, the Earl of Charleville, Dr. Gregory, J. Buckingham, Mons. Jullien, and others. Interspersed throughout, are many scenes and incidents of a very humourous character, and we extract an amusing parody on Byron, as a case in point.

To Dr. W. BEATTIE.

St. Andrews, Jamaica, March 15, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR, I beg leave to ask you,
Know you the land where pimentos and chilis
Are emblems of tempers as hot as the climate,
Where the blaze of the sun quite bedevils the brains,
And bleaches the roses of youth in its prime?
Know you the land of musquitos and *jiggers*,
Of Sambos unchain'd, and uncombable niggers;
Where the innocent cockroach exhales a perfume,
But a little less fragrant than "Gul in her bloom;"
Where the breath of the sea-breeze comes over the sense,
Like the blast from the mouth of some furnace intense;
Where oysters, like cabbages, grow upon trees,
And cows* even browse in the depths of the seas;
Where the hue of the cheek, from the sallow Mestee,
To the yellow Mulatto, "though varied it be,"
"In beauty may vie" with the tint sweetly tann'd
Of a Venus from China just newly japann'd;
Where the climate is hot, and the nights may be cool,
But the fevers are rife, and the churchyards are full;
Where the latter is soft, and as melting in June
As the hearts of the languishing maidens Quadroon;
Where cabaco abounds, both in water and wine,
"And all, save the spirit of 'Rum,' is divine;"
Where the cocoa and yam are the choicest of fruit,
"And the voice of the 'grasshopper' never is mute;"
Where the land-crab in highest perfection is seen,
And the fat of the turtle is "brightest of green;"
Where the mutton, too oft manufactured from goats,
Is killed the same day it is crimson'd down our throats;
Where the man who is thirsty may drink sangaree,
Where the man who is thirsty may drink sangaree,
Till his liver is spoil'd, as at home he'd drink tea;
Where no one of character, he who he may,
Can ever eat less than two breakfasts a day;
And no man of courage but laughs at the thought
Of his stomach presuming to cavil at night;
Where a *coup de soleil* is a true *coup de grace*;
And the fever call'd yellow's a knocker of brass
On the door of the tomb, where one enters to-day;
And to-morrow, forgotten, is left to decay;
Where the freedom of trade as a thing that's gone by,
And the dear name of Guinea recalls but a sigh;
Where Liberty flourished, and every man white
"Myself" once "lick his nigger" from morning till night;
But now where the Newcastle doctrine's unknown,
And no man can "do as he likes with his own;"
Where Buxton the wretch, and Macauley the miner,
Are duly reviled every day after dinner;
Where "the mines" by the Bushers are d—d most devoutly,
And the Whigs by the planters are rated as stoutly;
Where a paper the amplest encouragement claims,
Which calls in question the vilest of names;
Where hps have no language sufficiently ill
To lavish on Mulgrave for passing the bill;
Where loyalty wants on each governor landing,
But has not a leg at departure for standing;
Wherein' extraction of sugar doth clearly explain
Why the blacks are considered descendants of Cain;—
In a word, where in all things, both buckra and blacks
Are by fits and by starts either rigid or lax;
And in faith as in politics, never it seems
Are can ent it their notions are not in extremes?
'Tis the clime of the West! 'Tis the island of palms!
'Tis the region of strife, and the country of psalms!
'Tis "the land of the sun," all whose fierceness prevails
O'er the gravest discussions and simplest details!
'Tis the home of our hopes for the African race;
'Tis the tomb of the system which brought us disgrace!
And wild are the words of its mourners, who rave,
And would roll back the stone which is placed o'er its grave!

* The Manati, or sea-cow.

THE SKETCH BOOK OF CHARACTER.—A curious collection of anecdotes and sketches of character, exemplifying the whimsical notions of extraordinary individuals, the imperfections of circumstantial evidence, and the tendency of credulity and fanaticism; also recording singular instances of voluntary human suffering, and many interesting occurrences. This is an entertaining work for those who are fond of the marvellous. Witness the following specimen.

THE ITALIAN SLEEP-WALKER.

In the recently published cheap and elegant edition of Goldsmith's works, forming part of the series of publications entitled "The British Library," we are presented with many pieces not hitherto generally known as the productions of the ingenious author of the Vicar of Wakefield. Among others, is the following little sketch, descriptive of a remarkable instance of walking in sleep:—

It has often been a question in the schools, whether it be preferable to be a king by day, and a beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a beggar by day, and a monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the monarch in reality feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

However this may be, there are surely none more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort; but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous Cyrillo Padovano, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day. Cyrillo was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour, but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality; for he every night walked in his sleep, and, upon such occasions, was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

The first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo, was at the University, where he showed no great marks of learning, though some of sanctity. Upon a certain occasion, his master set him a very long and very difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy; but awaking in the morning, to his surprise, he found his exercise perfectly and completely finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary, written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up the task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly; but this did not continue long; for, in about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A mind like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the religious orders. Formed for a severe and abstemious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole convent, and to show that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the faithful Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

Being carefully observed on one of these occasions, the following circumstances occurred:—one evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immovable for about an hour; but then, turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he had heard spoken; then snapping his fingers, to show he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers, as if he wanted snuff. Not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside as if to find some. He next very carefully put up his box again; and, looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immovable; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo went no further, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and, in a little basket beneath, to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he clapped on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put one or two more over each other, and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell; there hiding his ill-got finery between his mattress, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

When Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surprised at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there. He went among his fellows of the convent, inquired how they came to be placed there; and, learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His fasts and greatest prayer could not atone for a still more heinous nature. A lady, who had long been a benefactress to the convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloister, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much finery, and a part of her jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expenses great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincere mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broken open, the body mangled, her fingers, on which were some rings, cut off, and all her finery carried away! Every person in the convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his mattress, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery, where the prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

EXCITEMENT AT LANCASTER.

It seems that our neighbours of Lancaster, not to be out of the fashion, have been getting up an agreeable excitement among themselves. According to the Journal, a story of this description was recently put into circulation:—A rich farmer of Marion township, suspecting an improper intimacy between his daughter and a hired boy, chained the latter to a tree, and flogged him so severely that he died, and was secretly buried. The story was told in a thousand ways, and at each repetition a new horror was added. The young lady was represented as at the point of death, and the father as having fled in order to escape the hands of justice. Others affirmed that the "lovers, while attempting to effect their escape to some worthy 'Squire's office, in order to get the matter consummated, were pursued and overtaken by the father, who immolated the apprentice on the spot." In short, the City and County of Lancaster were kept in constant agitation for several days,—the Police officers were despatched in pursuit of the alleged murderer, when "lo and behold," the apprentice boy made his appearance, and was ascertained to be a lad of *twenty-four*—full of life and love, and determined not to abandon the Farmer's daughter, who is said to be a charming lass of fifteen. It is true, however, that the Farmer really flogged his would-be son-in-law, who does not deserve the daughter if he is not willing to suffer a little in her behalf. "The course of true love never did run smooth."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The residents within the compass of a square on Houston street, New York, were thrown into no little excitement by an occurrence the particulars of which, as near as we could gather them, were much as follows. It appears that some seven years since a gentleman of character and education, residing in Pittsburg, Pa., becoming, for reasons either well or ill founded, exceedingly jealous of his wife, to whom he had been married ten years, and who had borne him four daughters—the youngest at that time about two years of age—deserted her, and, with the assistance of a friend, left the place "between two days," having previously put his affairs in such a shape as to take with him, the value of most of his worldly goods, in cash. From Pittsburgh he in the first place removed to Montreal, where he commenced business in the lottery and fancy goods line, at which place he continued nearly two years, in which time he had contrived to add considerably to his worldly store, and, at the same time, to make and harbor not only with the affections but the prospects and time of a young lady of highly respectable standing. The consequences of the latter portion of his success was, that to avoid consequences, he made no precipitate a retreat from Montreal, as he had previously from Pittsburgh, and setting his face, hitherward, after making a flying visit to other cities, concluded to establish a lodgment in New York. He accordingly effected an acquaintance with several men of business boarding at a reputable public house in Pearl street, at which he put up, and which acquaintance facilitated him in again entering into active business. Agreeably to their advice he first ventured in the brokerage of produce, from which he branched out to speculations in lumber, cotton, &c. &c., and for the last two years has perhaps made as much money by the business as any other individual of like means.

In the mean time, these operations led him to the acquaintance of numerous business gentlemen of high standing, who, pleased with his apparent correctness and good breeding, introduced him to their families as a bachelor, in which character he represented himself. In one of these families he became acquainted with the step-sister of its head, a baker, which lady, in addition to many personal and pecuniary charms, added a deep and devout spirit of piety. Of her he professed to become, and indeed evidently was, deeply enamoured; and after a courtship of becoming length, proffered his hand to her in marriage.

His want of piety, however, was deemed by Miss M'——— an insurmountable obstacle to their union; but this objection he in the course of a few months overcame by becoming professedly religious himself, and joining the same church to which Miss F. was attached. This obstacle removed, they about four years since became connected in marriage, and by their united means have kept up a handsome household establishment and moved in a most respectable sphere. During this time the lady had become the mother of two fine children, both boys; and nothing has ever been known to indicate ought but peace, prosperity, and happiness, as the effect of the union, till Monday last, when lo! whilst this apparently happy family, with the brother of the lady, were seated at dinner, the long deserted wife of the husband, with her four children, were landed at the door from a carriage, and introduced by a gentleman of this city to the astonished groupe at the table, in their true characters!

The scene that followed may be imagined, but not described; but the result of the interview, was, that the unexpected visitors were persuaded, after some hours, to re-enter the carriage, accompanied by the double husband, who procured them admission in a respectable boarding house, as the widow and children of a deceased brother, under which representation they at this time remain there. How this singular affair is yet to terminate—whether it will be allowed to become a matter of legal interference, or be settled by a compromise—of course we are unable to say or conjecture. The wealth and good standing of the parties, however, render the latter alternative the most probable to be adopted, and for that reason we have avoided giving their names in this sketching, by the publication of this brief and unextenuated account of the affair, any obstacle in the way of a settlement as honourable to all concerned as the remarkable character of the case will admit.

COMMUNICATED.

IMPORTANT REFLECTIONS.

We have seen by the newspapers of New York, Albany, Rochester and Buffalo, the general good opinion of the new mode of constructing and propelling steamboats, invented by Dr. A. Plantou, of Philadelphia; which is truly a new principle and entirely the reverse of the present plan. The Dr. by way of illustration, says that he has placed the horse before the cart, and the cart upon the wheels; whereas on the present plan, the cart is before the horse and the wheels upon the cart. As different causes must have different effects, the boat on the present plan ploughing the water at the depth of five, six, seven and eight feet, and entirely dragged through it, by the wheels placed upon the sides of the boat, causes a resistance which cannot be overcome, but at the expense of at least half of the power.

On Mr. Plantou's plan, a water tight cylinder of a large diameter, with paddles, acting as buoyancer and propeller, will be placed at each end of the boat, which he calls placing the horse before the cart, and the cart upon the wheels. These cylinders are intended to sink at least as low as the bottom of the boat, which is to be in the form of a saw; then it follows that the paddles of the first cylinder, making more than the bottom of the boat, will necessarily displace the water under it—that this displaced wa er must lift up the boat—and that the rapid current of the water created by the first cylinder, must necessarily help its power by its action upon the after cylinder, or wheel. By this plan no resistance is created nor any waves in front or sides of the boat; many great advantages must be the result of it—first of navigating canals with the power of steam without injuring the banks; second of being able to go in shallow water; third of consuming about one half less of fuel; (by creating no resistance,) fourth, of going faster by the help of the centrifugal force and the wide diameter of the cylinders.

For the navigation of bays and seas, the Dr. proposes to make use of two twin boats strongly connected together with a bottom in the form of a scow, so as to give perfect steadiness to the boat, and that the wave being struck and divided by the paddles of the bow wheel, must necessarily give even for the navigation of the seas, a decided advantage to his plan, over the present one, by the wheels being constantly dipping in the water, and preventing the boat from pitching but riding upon the wave.

The adoption of his plan to the navigation of the shallowest rivers, by means of rolling cylinders, and that of the Mississippi, by dividing the buoyancy in thirty or fourty different parts, each independent of the other; must in our opinion create a new era in the navigation of steam. We have heard with pleasure that the intended company from Philadelphia to Baltimore through the canal will adopt Dr. Plantou's Plan.

The inventor will soon exhibit here the model, which propelled by the power of a clock spring, demonstrates his plan perfectly well. We doubt not, to see soon, a large boat on the plan ply on our waters.

Ferocity of Native Africans!—In Gurley's Life of Ashmun, we find the following shocking instance of the bloody manner in which victims are procured for loading the Slave ships which still hover on this coast:—

"The following incident (said Mr. Ashmun, in writing to the Board of Managers of the Colonization Society) I relate, not for its singularity, for similar events take place, perhaps every month in the year, but it has fallen under my own observation, and I vouch for its authenticity:—King Boatswain, our most powerful supporter and steady friend among the natives, (so he has universally shown himself) received a quantity of goods in trade from a French slaver, for which he stipulated to pay young slaves. He makes it a point of honor to be punctual to his engagements. The time was at hand when he expected the return of the slaver. He had not the slaves.—Looking round on the peaceable tribes about him for his victims, he singled out the Queahs, a small agricultural and trading people of the most inoffensive character. His warriors were skilfully distributed in the different hamlets, and making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping occupants, in the dead of night, accomplished without difficulty or resistance, the annihilation (with the exception of a few towns) of the whole tribe. Every adult man and woman, was murdered; every but tired very young children generally shared the fate of their parents. The boys and girls alone were reserved to pay the Frenchman."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

Drowned.—A few days since, the body of a drowned man was found floating in the Raritan, near Amboy, upon whose clothing was discovered the following, "*J. N. D. Southwark.*" We are informed that Mr. John S. Dougherty, Constable, of Southwark, is now absent from the city, and his friends have no doubt that the body is that of Mr. D.

The trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia have been, by a vote of the Congregation, taken on the 25th instant, authorized to make sale of the very valuable site of their church edifice, with their property adjoining, corner of Arch and Third streets.

A respectable citizen who recently travelled from Harrisburg to Lancaster, informs us that there are seven hundred men at work on the rail-road which is to connect these two places, and that it will probably all be graded before the end of the present year, except the point at which a tunnel must be constructed. The road will probably be finished during the next year, and we are assured, will be a delightful one to travel.

The hunters of Long Island have taken the leopard or tiger, which recently broke loose from the menagerie. He received thirty balls before he gave up.

It is said that the number of incendiary pamphlets received at the Charleston Post office, amounted to 300,000.

At a southern meeting, a resolution was adopted, offering three thousand dollars for Arthur Tappan's ears.

The Kentucky giant, Benjamin B. Pritchard, who was exhibited last year at the American Museum, in this city, paid the debt of nature, in Montgomery county, on the last day of June. At the time of his death he weighed 503lbs., and was 45 years of age. His disease was dropsy.

New Orleans Aug. 12.—Weekly report of Interments.—The whole number of burials for the past week, ending with the 5th inst. have been at the different burying places as follows, Potters-field 50, Catholic 7, total 57.

A woman, supposed to be Mrs. Ann Anderson formerly of Philadelphia, was recently found drowned in the canal near Norristown.

The New York Gazette says—"The total loss by the fire on Monday evening, is stated to be upwards of *one hundred thousand dollars*. All were insured—the insurance on the stock and houses amount to *one hundred and five thousand dollars*."

Caution to Nurses.—We are informed by Dr. Meltuer, that a lady in this city, came last week very near loosing her life, by carelessness of her nurse, who instead of giving her *cream of tartar*, as was the intention, administered a dose of *sugar of lead*. The life of the lady was saved by the use of the stomach pump.—*Penobscot Freeman.*

Several rich specimens of gold ore found in Goochland and Fluvanna counties, have been recently exhibited to the editor of the Richmond Compiler. The results of operations in mines in those counties show an average yield, in one case, of $3.15 to the bushel of pulverized ore, and in another, of $3 to $5 per bushel.

The Cincinnati Gazette of the 17th says—"The health of the city continues good. In fact it was never better at any former period of its history than it is now, *and has been during the whole season.*"

Among the resolutions adopted at a recent anti-abolition meeting in Norfolk, we notice the following: Resolved, That we encourage the increase of our white population."

We are informed by the St. Louis Daily Herald that the steamboat Sam, on her passage up the Mississippi from New Orleans, sunk nearly opposite the mouth of Red river. "The cause of the accident," says the Herald, "was the breaking of her shaft, whereby, in some way, one of her paddles was driven through her bottom, so that she sunk immediately.—Most of the cargo was saved and no lives were lost.

"The Sam was soon raised again, and towed back to New Orleans.

The City Council of Lexington, Kentucky, have passed an ordinance for prohibiting the use of "ten-pin and ball alleys, and shuffle-boards, or any other table or alley within the city, on which money or liquor is betted.

Natural Gas.—While boring for water, at the Eagle Tavern in Lockport, a vein of inflammable gas was struck at the depth of about seventy feet, with which it is now the intention to light the whole house.

Southern Idiom.—A driver in Georgia, being asked by a passenger if there was any game in the neighborhood, replied that there were rabbits, partridges, and quite a smart sprinkle of squirrels.

Music Mesture Look Out!—The last Augusta Courier says:—A passenger in the western stage states, that he passed through Alabama, he understood, that Judge Crawford, of that state, had shot a music teacher dead, for improper liberties taken with his daughter, while engaged in giving her lessons on the piano.

Choosing a wife is like dipping the hand into a bag containing ninety-nine snakes and one eel. Ninety-nine to one you catch the eel.

Fire at Boston.—We learn from our corre

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Published for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rich-ardson, publisher of the Reporter, Commercial Director, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 28, 1835.

ASHES			SUGAR-house	47	49
Pot,	cwt	4 75	do. N. York,	45	50
Pearl,		4 75	2 00	do. Philad.	43	46
BUTTER				Crushed,	7½	8
Tub,		15		Powdered,	7½	8
Printing No. 1		16	13	Porto Rico,	31	34
do. 2		12	10	English French Isl.	28	31
do. 3		10	11	Manilla, Batavia,	29	31
Do. 4			9½	MACKEREL, new		
CANDLES		top	4 50	4 75	No. 1, bbl	
Mould,			4 50	4 75	No. 2,	
CASTILE, Duty,					No. 3,	4 75
CHEESE				13	Linseed, Am. from	
Pine Apple,			11½	12	store,	1 35
Penn.			11½	12½	do. Dutch,	
Factory,			12½	13	Whale,	gal. 45
Skims,			12	13	Sperm, winter,	1 65
COTTON...Duty 3 cts per lb.					do. summer,	95
Alabama,			14	21	PLASTER PARIS,	
Mobile,			18	21	in Delaware, or tow	3 00 @ 3 25
Alex. and Tex.					in Schuylkill,	3 25 @ 3 37½
S.C. and Geo.			18	20	RICE	
N.C. and Va.			18	20	Clean,	bush 3 50 4 37½
FREIGHTS,					Uncleaned,	1 85 1 90
To Pittsburgh, per cwt.					do. Seed, cask	
	100 lbs	1 12½	3 00		Timothy,	bbls 1 50 2 75
FLOUR and MEAL					Herds,	bush
Superfine,	bbl		3 75		Orchard grass,	2 00 2 12½
Fine,			3 50		WHISKEY	
Rye,			4 25		Rye, bbls	28 30
Middling,			4		do. hhds	25
Corn meal,			4		do. from wagons	26
Hhds. 10 bbls.			18	50	WOOL	
GRAIN					Prime, Bazos Hays,	
Rye Pennsylv.			85		lb	20 25
Rye, Southern,			75		Am. wash. full blood,	50 55
Wheat, Pennsylv.		1 24	1 25		do. wash, blood,	50 55
do. South. bush.		1 23	1 25		do. blood,	45 50
Corn, L. C. white,		92	93		do. and com.	40 45
do. L. C. yellow,		90			Am. mo wash full blood	45 47
do. C. C. round,		85			do. blood,	38 40
Corn, Pennsylv.		60			do. blood,	31 34
Southern,		56	57		do. and com.	28 30
Barley, Eastern,					Super. pulled lambs,	50 55
do. Pennsylv.					do. do.	42 45
Oats,		36½	37½		Am. sheep, E. P. & R.	
HOPS					do. lambs,	75
Jersey, 1834,		13	14		No. 3 do.	80 85
MOLASSES					Pennsylvania, E. P. & R.	
New Orleans,		35	37		do. lambs,	75

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, August 29, 1835.

☞ Advertisements sent us from the country, are not inserted in this paper unless accompanied with the cash. Our terms for advertising will be found on the first page. We make this announcement in consequence of having recently received orders from Lancaster, Pa., and Columbus, Ohio, to insert advertisements, which have not been attended to.

DWARFS.—Two dwarfs from Canada, Emily and Margaret Martin, aged about 25 years, are now being exhibited in New York. They are only about 28 or 29 inches in height.

Several persons died very suddenly in Hartford, Md. one day last week, after eating a number of crabs.—Their names were Geo. W. Pritchard, Joshua Smith, and James Kelly, all respectable citizens.

The rail-road between Baltimore and Washington, was opened on Tuesday last, on which occasion four cars of cars, each drawn by a locomotive engine, passed along the whole route.

The Banks of this city have agreed not to receive the Spanish coin, familiarly called a *fip*, for more than five cents, and the circumstance has excited a good deal of commotion among our small shop-keepers. The fip has heretofore been worth the sixteenth part of a dollar, and as the one-fourth of a quarter, has proved a very convenient coin, especially for those who deal largely in small wares. The reason assigned for the measure is, that a large number of these coins have lost their weight by constant use, and that consequently they are not intrinsically worth more than five cents. Be this as it may, we are very much disposed to believe that the reduction of the coin in value will not be assented to by the public, so long as any remain in circulation.

STOCKS.

We learn from New York that the stock operations in that city, on Saturday last, were quite extensive, particularly in Delaware, Morris, Manhattan, Gas, Paterson, Boston, Stonington, and Worcester. The fluctuations were singular. Morris rose three or four per cent; Mohawk touched 130, an advance of fifteen per cent. in two weeks. The bears in this Stock give out, that it is a second Harlem. Canton fell to 71; only a short time since this Stock stood at 160. Delaware, Dry Dock, Ohio Trust, Patersons, and several others fell off a shade. Hartford & New Haven Rail Road opened at one per cent advance; from the great anxiety to get the Stock, and the over subscription, it was believed it would open at five per cent premium, and sales were made at or near that previous to the opening.

A Greek vessel called the Alexandros, has arrived at Boston, the first ship of the kind that has ever been seen in this country. The Greek flag is somewhat similar to the American, only the stripes are blue and white, alternately, instead of red and white; and that part corresponding to the union in ours, is a white ground with a blue cross. The Alexandros was built for a brig of war, and is owned by her commander, who is a fine stout looking man, and arrests the attention of every one as he passes through the streets. This is not to be wondered at, unaccustomed as we are to the sight of petticoat trowsers, short jacket, and a red cap. Formerly, the Greeks wore the turban; but since they have acquired their independence, the red cap with a tassel suspended from the top is now universally worn. The officers and crew are all Greeks, not one of whom understands our language, and are all dressed in the costume of their country.

Public meetings have recently been held in Boston, Portland, New York, and various other cities, with a view of giving an expression of opinion averse to the late movements of the abolitionists. The earnest appeal made by the south to the people of the north, to protect them from the incendiary proceedings of northern fanatics, has been generally responded to, in pointed and unequivocal language. It is earnestly hoped that these meetings will exert a moral influence sufficiently strong to stay the indiscreet measures complained of, so that peace and quiet may again be restored in the southern states.

DESTRUCTION OF INCENDIARY PAMPHLETS.

The steam boat from New York, which arrived here on Tuesday morning, brought with it a large box, which being accidently forced open, was found to contain a very large number of incendiary pamphlets, newspapers, printed handkerchiefs, &c. directed to the southern states. The circumstance becoming known, a good deal of anxiety was felt on the subject, by a number of respectable gentlemen, as it was feared that an excitement might be created that would lead to a riot. After a careful deliberation, it was resolved to wait upon the person to whom the box was consigned, and represent to him the danger to which he was exposed. This was immediately done, when the gentleman at once disowned all knowledge of the box, and expressed himself as being decidedly opposed, in the present state of excitement, to the circulation of such papers as the box contained. He also, very cheerfully, resigned all claim to the box, and expressed himself perfectly willing that it should be disposed of, in such manner as might be thought expedient, with a view of preserving the peace of the city.

A meeting of citizens was then held, at which the subject of the disposal of the box and its contents, was duly considered. It was finally agreed to place it on board one of the steam ferry boats, proceed to the middle of the river, and there destroy the contents. This was accordingly done, in the most quiet and orderly manner, by several of our most respected residents.

The box contained several thousand newspapers, principally The Liberator, and "Human Rights," and a large number of printed handkerchiefs, imported from England, containing verses and pictures calculated to excite the feelings of the slave against his master. They were directed to Georgia, North and South Carolina, and other states, and were intended no doubt to be placed in the Philadelphia Post-office for transmission, the post-master at New York having recently refused to forward such documents.

AN INNOVATION.—In an extract from a late foreign paper, it is stated that the respectable Society of Friends in Westmoreland, England, are much divided in opinion—one portion wishing to introduce written sermons and music into their religious services, and another strenuously resisting these innovations. The question is to be referred to the yearly meeting for discussion.

GREAT MEETING OF YOUNG MEN.—The assemblage of young men, in the Musical Fund Hall, on Monday last, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever known in this city. The object of the meeting was, to disavow all connection with, and disapprove the conduct of certain prominent abolitionists of the north, in their unlawful interference with the rights of the south, on the subject of slavery. It is calculated that from three to five thousand persons were present. ALDERMAN MC'MICHAEL was called to the chair, and a large number of other influential gentlemen appointed Vice Presidents and Secretaries. In taking the chair, Alderman Mc'Michael made a very eloquent and powerful address, in explanation of the objects of the meeting, which was frequently interrupted by spontaneous bursts of applause. He was followed by Robt. T. Conrad, Esq. chairman of the committee on Resolutions, who depicted, in the most glowing colors, the situation of the south, and the dangers to be apprehended from a war with the blacks, which, he alleged, was to be feared from the labors of the agitators. Dr. Borden next rose and spoke on the subject of slavery in general, relating to the circumstances of its introduction into this country by England, and to the base behaviour of that nation in now abusing us for the existence of a curse of English origin. The last speaker was the Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll, member of Congress from the city, who entered into a most eloquent and conclusive exposition of the rights of the south, as guaranteed by the constitution, and the unlawfulness of any interference in the subject of Slavery, calculated to excite the evil dispositions of the slave against the master. He was listened to with deep attention, and closed amidst loud and continued applause.

It is proper that we should remark that all the speakers made a marked distinction between the members of Anti-Slavery Societies, who disapprove of incendiary movements, and of the few fanatics whose recent unwise and indiscreet measures, have thrown the south into a state of inquietude and tumult.

The following gentlemen constituted the committee to draft resolutions:

Robert T. Conrad,	Dr. R. M. Bird,
Robert Morris,	A. B. Dougherty,
Richard Penn Smith,	John R. Walker,
Benjamin Matthias,	Charles Schaffer, jr.,
Charles Naylor,	Henry H. Smith,
Morris Mattson,	Willis G. Clark.

The annexed resolutions were reported by the chairman, Mr. Conrad, and adopted by acclamation.

Whereas, The indiscreet and improper interference of certain individuals of the North with the domestic relations of the slave holding states of the South, having endangered the peace of our fellow citizens of that section of our common country, and excited apprehension and prejudices highly injurious to the Union; and whereas, the citizens of the South having appealed to their brethren of the non-slave-holding states to manifest their disapprobation of the measures referred to, and to rescue them from the incendiary efforts of those who make our territory the seat of a warfare upon the domestic institutions of the South. Therefore,

Resolved, That we respond to the call of our brethren of the South, that we are their brethren, and, as such, sympathize in their dangers and wrongs, and view with regret and indignation the incendiary measures which have disturbed their tranquility.

Resolved, That we consider the course of the Abolitionists in organizing societies, maintaining agents, and disseminating publications intended to operate upon the institutions of the South, as unwise, dangerous, and deserving the emphatic reprehension and zealous opposition of *every friend of peace* and of the country.

Resolved, That we *distinctly disclaim any* and all right to interfere directly or indirectly with the subject of Slavery in the Southern States, and that any action upon it by us would be a bold violation of the Constitution and a presumptuous infraction of the rights of the South.

Resolved, That were it our unquestioned right to participate in the regulation of Slavery at the South, convinced of the justice and liberality of our Southern brethren, and believing that their practical acquaintance with and deep interest in the subject peculiarly qualify them to determine questions arising from it, we would, without fear or hesitation, commit it to their wisdom, justice and humanity.

Resolved, That we regard the Union of this Country as inseparable from its freedom, greatness and glory, that we consider no sacrifice too great to maintain it, and shrink, with horror, from all that is calculated in the most remote degree to endanger or injure it.

Resolved, That the course of the Abolitionists, by exciting the prejudices of the people of the South against the communities from which they are aroused, menaces the peace and permanence of this Union.

Resolved, That, as the People of the South alone have the power to enact respecting the slaves, the irritating policy of the incendiaries, renders that happy result more remote and difficult of attainment, and rivets, perhaps forever, those chains which they affect a desire to break.

Resolved, That the interference of the Abolitionists with the slavery of the South, must inevitably multiply, at once the dangers and the suspicions of the master and renders necessary a heightened degree of vigilance and security, thus keeping additional restraint upon the headman, and increasing the afflictions of the object of their misguided efforts.

Resolved, That we regard the dissemination of incendiary publications throughout the slave-holding States with indignation and horror; that measures so directly calculated to involve results at which humanity shudders, cannot fail to meet the hearty and indignant reprobation of the benevolent and patriotic; and that efficient, but legal and moderate measures should be adopted to suppress an evil at once so dangerous and disgraceful.

Resolved, That the obnoxious measures of the Abolitionists have produced great and general excitement at the North, having already disturbed the peace of our cities, and threaten consequences still more extended and deplorable.

Resolved, That the efforts of foreign emissaries, paid with foreign money, and sent into the country to assail our institutions, malign our patriots, excite our people and distract our country, as regarded by all who cherish American pride and patriotism with distrust and contempt.

Resolved, That should the colored population of the South, excited by the causes referred to, or by any other, unhappily revolt against the lawless the lives of our Southern brethren, (which Heaven in its mercy avert,) the young men of the North are prepared to meet the danger, shoulder to shoulder with the people of the South, and prove by the result the sacrifice of their blood, their devotion to the peace and the rights of all parts of our beloved Union.

Resolved, That we recommend to the legislature of Pennsylvania, to enact at the next session, such provisions as will protect our fellow citizens of the South from incendiary movements within our borders, should any such hereafter be made.

Resolved, That the North is second to the core on the subject of slavery: that the mass of the people of the northern states, while they entirely disclaim any right to interfere with the institutions of the South, and regard with decided and marked disapprobation, the principles and measures of the Abolitionists.

Resolved, That we confidently believe the number and influence of those in this state, who are disposed to agitate the subject of slavery in the South, are extremely limited; and that the individuals in this city who are recognized as abolitionists, are, for the most part, wholly disinclined to any and all measures which may tend to excite or endanger the South.

Resolved, That we have reason to believe, that there is no abolition press or publication in this City, and that no incendiary measures have been adopted or sanctioned by the friends of emancipation in this state.

Resolved, That we regard those, who, under the pretence of putting down Abolition, have violated the laws, and disturbed the peace of the community, as the most efficient auxiliaries of the cause they affect to oppose; that the young men of Philadelphia, opposed to the measures of the Abolitionists, pledge themselves, on the first symptom of disturbance, to lend their hearty and determined aid to arrest and secure the legal punishment of those who degrade their cause by violence and outrage.

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed, to act as a committee of correspondence, to publish the proceedings of this meeting in the papers of this city, and procure their dissemination in the South.

The practice of giving concerts of Sacred Music on Sunday evenings, has been introduced in New York. The city of Boston, if we mistake not, set this example to this country. Niblo's garden, New York, was crowded to overflowing, last Sunday evening, the performances being a selection of sacred pieces from the works of Handel, Rossini and others. Mr. Howard, Mr. Latham, Mr. Dunmyer, Signor Gambati, and Mrs. and Miss Watson, were the principal performers.

The annual examination of the pupils of the public schools in Boston, took place in Faneuil Hall, on Wednesday of last week. Medals were distributed among those boys who had distinguished themselves by good behaviour and application to their studies.—The festival is one of great antiquity, and one in which many of the good people of Boston take great delight. It is an honor to the city, and undoubtedly is attended by very advantageous results to the children. These anecdotes, relating to the last festival, are given in the Transcript.

BETTER YET.—We mentioned yesterday the name of a lad who was the youngest of six brothers who had each successively gained a Franklin Medal at the Annual Examination of the Public Schools. A subscriber informs us that there is now residing in the city, a family, consisting of eight sons (only) all of whom have in succession obtained the Franklin Medal at the Mayhew School, and two of them, who were afterwards graduates at the High School, obtained each a Franklin Medal there, making ten Franklin Medals in possession of the family. Beat this!

Now we are on the subject of these medals, we may as well relate a pleasant incident that occurred in our office yesterday evening. After our paper had gone to press, one of the carriers, an intelligent lad who distributes on the northern route, did not make his appearance with his usual punctuality. "Where is Joseph!" asked the clerk. "He's down in Faneuil Hall," said John, another urchin who knows "a hawk from a handsaw," "drinking Champaign with the Mayor, and Gov. Armstrong, and Mr. Everett, and President Quincy, and all the Aldermen, and Councilors, and—" John was running on with a long and not very intelligible story, when the clerk brought him to, and found, by a little cross examination, that Joseph had gained one of the Franklin Medals at the Wells School, and was dining with his fellow *laureats* at Faneuil Hall, as the aforesaid John had cunningly discovered. The papers, however, were not neglected, nor did our subscribers suffer from Master Joseph's late dinner. He made his appearance in good season—his medal rolled up in its blue ribbon, and modestly stowed away in his pocket—and performed his customary round, with his usual alacrity. And here we may add, that if he is as diligent at his studies as he has been at our service, no boy more richly deserves a token of his preceptor's approbation."

The London Quarterly Review is tremendously severe upon "*Fanny's Journal*." Neither exterminating nor setting down aught in malice, he has taken up the work candidly and dispassionately, and given it a thorough dissection, in a manner so caustic, yet justly severe, that we incline to the opinion that *Master Fanny*, as she is therein styled, will, when she reads it, writhe under it most sensitively. If there is a point in her character that may be successfully touched, it is when her faults are exposed by the masterly probe of the established critic, whose opinions have but to be made known to receive entire credence. Fanny is a woman, we may add, a weak and giddy girl, and with the aid of *professional nerve*, can bear up against ill-timed censure, and rashly aimed criticism; but when *Juvenal* holds the lash, and the infliction is given by the hand of a veteran scourger, even her hardihood gives way, and the glaring foibles of her literary creations are presented to her mind's eye, clothed in their most congruous and disgusting drapery. It is a criticism made by one of her own countrymen, and cannot be charged to the score of national resentment. It is from the proudest Review of Great Britain, and must therefore be regarded as a correct evidence of the opinions formed by a class in society, to gain whose favour she undoubtedly wrote.

There is nothing said that the author does not bear out with corollary proofs, and the copious extracts which accompany the editorial comments, appear to be impartially and indiscriminately selected. We crave the forgiveness of our readers for intruding upon them, at this late season, this worn-out subject, but we are induced to do so, by the severity and truth of the criticism from which we deduce the ground work of these remarks.

If some literary gentleman of leisure, who possesses facilities for the task, would collect and publish a volume of fugitive poems, to be found in our daily and weekly periodicals, we have not a doubt but that a book of rare merit would be presented to the reading public. There is an immense quantity of poetry to be found floating about the country, and some of it is well worthy of preservation. We published in our last paper, an anonymous article that we considered decidedly excellent, and here is another, still more meritorious. Can any thing be prettier than the two last verses?

From the Louisville, Kentucky, Journal.

SONG.

To Miss —— of St. Louis.

They tell me that only in far distant lands,
The flowers are found of the loveliest dyes,
And that roses that grow by the Nile's yellow sands,
Are sweeter than any beneath our own skies.

I know not, I care not how lovely they be,
I am sure that the flowers of my own land are best,
And that sweeter than any beyond the green sea,
Is the rose of the prairie, the pride of the West.

No diamond so pure as my own little rose,
Ever shone on the brow of the brave or the fair,
No flower on hill or in valley that grows,
Yields sweeter perfume to the soft evening air.

And oh, could I pluck it away from the stem
Where it grows, I would wear it secure in my
But dearer to me than the loveliest gem, [breast,
Is the rose of the prairie, the pride of the West.

We are requested to state that the Conflagration of Moscow, now exhibiting at the American Museum, will positively close on next Saturday, the 5th Sept.—It was the intention of the proprietor to close this week, but the favor it has received from citizens and strangers, warrants a prolongation of his stay.

The American and the Evening Post of New York censure the resolutions adopted at the late anti-abolition meeting in this city, in very severe terms. They speak of a portion of them as being too much in favor of the south.

The Washington Telegraph, on the other hand, complains that the resolutions do not go far enough, inasmuch as they do not *approve* of slavery. The editor says that Garrison and Tappan should be seized and sent to the south, and that the young men of Philadelphia should pledge themselves to aid in reclaiming runaway slaves. These demands are preposterous.

The Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, have resolved to hold a fall exhibition in this city, towards the close of the month of September.

The quarrel between Gen. Townson and Commodore Elliott, appears to have ended without either fire or smoke. The Commodore has sailed in the Constitution to the Mediterranean, and the General has returned to Washington. It is said that nearly all of Elliott's officers left the ship, on various excuses, and that he has sailed with fresh hands.

The house of J. B. Vashon, a coloured barber, in Pittsburg, Pa. was attacked on Wednesday of last week, by a mob of men and boys, and considerably injured. The avowed purpose of the mob was to destroy the building, but they were induced to desist by the presence of the mayor. Three of the principal conspirators were arrested. The mayor on the day following, issued a proclamation, enjoining upon all good citizens to keep the peace.

The cause of this disturbance appears to have been a recent affray, in which a black man stabbed two coloured men.

THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT ST. THEATRE.—This house was opened for the season on Saturday last, in presence of a very large audience. The performers, both male and female, appeared in fine health and spirits, and were enthusiastically received. The comedy of *Married Life*, the opening piece, was performed extremely well, and elicited much applause. Burton has lost none of his humour, and his delineation of Mr. Coddle, was irresistibly laughable. Herr Cline, the celebrated Rope dancer, appeared after the play, and went through his usual performances on the tight rope, much to the satisfaction of the audience. His agility is truly wonderful. Mr. Maywood, who has just returned from Europe, appeared on Wednesday evening, as Caleb Balderstone, in the Bride of Lammermoor, one of his best characters. He met with a warm reception, and played with renewed spirit. Mr. Thomas, a very respectable performer, has been added to the company.

Herr Cline takes a benefit this evening.

THE WALNUT ST. THEATRE was crowded to overflowing on the opening night, to witness Booth, as Richard the Third. He played the character in his best style. The regular performers of the last season were warmly received; Conner's reception was enthusiastic. Booth, during the week, has gone through his favorite characters, with great success. He is occasionally the best tragedian in the country. The new drop curtain, representing the Battle of Bunker's Hill, is an excellent painting, and reflects the highest credit on Smith, the artist.

Mr. A. Addams, a young tragedian of acknowledged merit, commenced an engagement at this house, last evening.

The Bowery theatre, N. Y. has opened for the season, under favorable auspices. It is still under the management of Hamblin. Fire is the lion at present, and in such characters as Paul Pry, Paul Shack, Sir Andrew Agueecheek, Billy Black and Lord Ogelby, he is without a rival. We hope to see him in Philadelphia before long.

The Franklin theatre, a new house, is to be opened in New York, on the 9th of September, under the management of Mr. Dunsford.

The Tremont theatre, Boston, opened for the season last week. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis from the Park are now playing there, with decided success. Mr. J. R. Scott is at the Warren. Mad. Celeste is also in Boston.

Both theatres at Buffalo appear to be flourishing. Duffy contrives to secure all the talent of the Atlantic cities, and he cannot fail, we think, to become a popular manager. Mrs. Knight and Mr. Hunt, have recently gone to Buffalo, with a view of giving the playgoers a taste of English Opera.

A Mr. Field is announced as a prominent star, in Cincinnati, where Mrs. Drake, the "western Siddons," as she has been termed, is playing with success. A new piece called "*The Tourists in America*," has lately been produced in Cincinnati, and favourably received.

Mr. and Mrs Wood, the celebrated vocalists, arrived at New York on Monday, in the packet ship George Washington, from Liverpool. They will soon appear at the Park theatre.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

Kept at the Northern Liberties Free Admission News Room, (in the shade.)

Aug.	9	12	3	6	o'clock.
Thurs. 20,	73	78	70	76	variable clear.
Frid. 21,	68	76	74	72	N. W. clear.
Satur. 22,	68	72	73	70	N. W. clear.
Sund. 23,	70	74	74	70	N. W. clear.
Mon. 24,	69	77	76	74	south clear.
Tues. 25,	72	80	80	78	S. W. clear.
Wed. 26,	70	72	72	70	S. W. rain.

ANDREW McMAKIN, Proprietor.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

LOCKPORT, N. Y. Aug. 5th, 1835.

At Buffalo we took passage in a canal boat, and proceeded on our way east. As you approach Lockport the canal passes through a heavy ridge of rocks, every inch of which appears to have been chiselled out. I never saw a work of more herculean labour, and I very much doubt whether in any other modern undertaking, such formidable obstacles have been overcome. Imagine, if you can, the immense labour necessary to cut through a solid rock, in some places one hundred feet deep, and extending for miles, and you will be able to form some idea of the canal near Lockport. The tow path is also cut out of the rock, and in order to prevent horses from falling into the canal—an accident of not unfrequent occurrence—a railing has been placed along the edge, fastened by irons in the crevices of the rock. The width of the canal is but barely sufficient to admit one boat to pass another, and unless constant care is exercised by the helmsman, there is great danger of being jammed up against the sharp ledges, which project out along the excavation. This rubbing of one boat against another, or against the locks while passing through them, is a very unpleasant matter altogether. Sometimes the scrapes are so heavy that you are thrown off your feet, and at night, while lying in your narrow hammock, unless you lie perfectly straight, and hold on vigorously by the cords which suspend you from the roof, you are very likely to be rolled out on the cabin floor.

I have before spoken of the miseries of sleeping on board of canal boats, but I believe I have not made mention of the relative disadvantages of the upper, the middle and the lower births. I will do so now, for the benefit of those who travel next season. The top birth is hung within from 20 to 24 inches of the roof. It is a piece of thick webbing, about six feet long, and 18 inches wide, fastened to wooden strips along the edges. Into one of the side strips, iron bolts are inserted, which fit into holes in the side of the boat, and thus support the back part of the mattress. The outer side is supported by a rope at each end, which fastens to the roof. The middle hammocks are supported in the same way, and are about two feet below the upper births. For the lower births, the ordinary side projection is so contrived as to answer the double purpose of a bed by night and a seat by day. The elevation of these beds is about one foot from the floor. The webbing of the births is covered with a mile and a linen sheet of the proper shape, and for a pillow you are furnished with a bag containing about a thimble full of cut-nail. These are your sole equipments for the night, unless you have the adroitness to smuggle a second pillow from some less observant lodger. The peculiar disadvantages of the upper births are—your liability to fall out, by a sudden lurch of the boat, and break your head on the floor, and in the event of not falling out, the probability of being suffocated by the pestiferous atmosphere of a close cabin, filled with thirty or forty persons, a goodly proportion of whom are tobacco chewers and segar smokers, and a misery belonging to the coloured race. The disadvantages of the middle and lower births are—the probability that your neighbour (or neighbours in case you are the lowest of all) above, will tumble down upon you, and in case you escape this calamity, the certainty of being smothered, as you have no window to open, by which you can catch a mouthful of fresh air at intervals. The individual who can sleep in one of these births, and find himself alive in the morning, may safely congratulate himself, that he is reserved for some other dispensation.*

There are two classes of people who should never travel in a canal boat, and these are fat men, and long men. If you had travelled with me from Buffalo to Rochester, you would have seen this fact forcibly illustrated. We had on board a jolly sea captain from Connecticut, who had lately been to the west on a land speculation, who weighed at least 280 pounds, and was bulky in proportion. The captain was fond of promenading the upper deck, but this pastime, dangerous for small persons, on account of the many low bridges over the canal, was imminently so for him, as he moved very slowly. I once saw him caught by a bridge, that appeared unusually low. Finding he could not escape, he threw himself flat on his back, and waited patiently the result. Fortunately the bridge was high enough to pass his person clear, though a beam scraped off one of his vest buttons. It was out of the question to get the captain in a birth—there was not a hammock that would have contained the half of him, nor a rope that would have held his two predecessings. Of necessity he slept on the floor, and that he did sleep was sufficiently palpable by his snoring. "Captain," said I in the morning, "you annoyed us dreadfully last night, by your snoring."

"Me snore!" he replied—"why bless your soul, I had scarcely begun, there was not half room enough!"

We had a tall man on board also, at least six feet six, *for* whom I felt some anxiety, knowing very well that the maximum length of the births fell at least six inches short of his length. I watched him very closely when he chose his birth, for I had no idea of being his next neighbour, and the beds being all on a level, it is no difficult matter for one man to encroach on the premises of the next. He contrived, however, to dovetail in with one of his acquaintances, who was just twelve inches shorter. Our friend was asked how he managed to sleep while travelling in the winter season, it being fair to infer that no ordinary bed in a tavern would contain him, so as to give any protection to his feet. "Oh," replied he, "I find no difficulty at all, for in winter, I shut myself up like a Jack-knife."

Canal boats, in some respects, are like stage coaches. The company being limited, and the room still more so, you are necessarily thrown into close contact with your fellow passengers, and it is no difficult matter, without being particularly inquisitive, to find out their occupations and pursuits and places of residence. On leaving Buffalo we were fortunate in falling in with very pleasant and sociable company. We had an alderman and a doctor from Philadelphia, a merchant and a lawyer from New York, one or two merchants from Boston, several farmers belonging to the interior of New York, beside the sea captain and the tall gentleman from Kentucky, above noticed.—Many of the gentlemen were accompanied by their ladies, and on several occasions delightful whist parties were formed in the ladies' cabin. Agreeable company very materially mitigates the inconveniences of canal travelling, while on the other hand, a canal boat with churlish or vulgar companions would be intolerable. Among the good things we had on board, on our way to Rochester, was a very polite captain, whose attentions to our enjoyment and gratification were incessant. But we had one person with us, whose presence, as soon as his character was ascertained, cast a feeling of inquietude over the whole company. This was an individual under arrest, for passing counterfeit money; he was in charge of the sheriff of Oneida county, on his way to Utica, to be tried. He was well dressed and of genteel appearance, and as lively and as sociable during the day as any one on board. His character, and the nature of the charge against him, were not ascertained until evening, when the sheriff was observed placing chains upon his arms and feet. You may imagine that we did not sleep very comfortably that night, owing to the reflections which the presence of the man would naturally occasion, for in despite of all the philosophy which we could summon up, images of pick-pockets and thieves, daggers and assassins, would, ever and anon, flit across our disturbed fancy. No passenger went to sleep that night until he had carefully secured his watch guard around his person, and placed his pocket book under his head, and no one awoke during that night without satisfying himself that his money was still safe. It is really surprising what curious effects the circumstance of having a passenger of this kind, will occasion to all on board.

We were informed that the individual under arrest, once held a very high place in the esteem and confidence of his friends and neighbours. He was ruined by entering into rash speculations, but being kindly dealt with by his creditors, resumed his application to business, with a fair prospect of retrieving his fortunes. He did not, however, accumulate money with sufficient rapidity to satisfy his desires, and upon this rock he split. Failing in, accidently, perhaps, with an individual having a quantity of counterfeit money, he procured some, and endeavoured to pass it off. Detection and arrest—the utter prostration of all his hopes—an irretrievably blasted character—the ruin of his much respected and worthy wife and daughters, soon followed as a matter of course, and the probability is that he will spend several of the best years of his life within the walls of a gloomy prison. How the heart bleeds for the family of such a man, and how fervent is the sympathy we feel for the daughter, just rising into woman hood, esteemed and beloved by her young friends, to be thus cut down in the hey-day of youth, and isolated from the little world in which she may have moved, to the delight and admiration of those around her. It is heart-rending that the character of such a daughter, should be blasted and destroyed by such a father.

Lockport is a flourishing town, fast rising into importance. The locks on the canal at this place form one of the greatest curiosities on the whole route, and certainly one of the most magnificent works of the kind in the world. There are five combined or double locks, one set being designed to carry boats down, and the other to take them up. The lockage here is 68 feet. It is said that the section of canal between Buffalo and Lockport, 31 miles, cost one-seventh of the gross expenditure on the whole line of canal from Buffalo to Albany. The fact is not surprising to those who will reflect upon the immense labour required in the neighborhood of Lockport.

The Erie canal throughout, is an enterprise of vast magnitude, the importance of which, in connection with the imposing difficulties of the undertaking, it seems almost impossible fully to appreciate. The best evidence of its benefits are to be found recorded in the general receipts of the state treasury, which have been swelled in a large amount, since its construction. Clinton deserves immortal honour for conceiving this project, for his name have been a word of no ordinary capacity. Small intellects and limited understandings shrunk back in terror and dismay, from the contemplation of this gigantic scheme, when it was first suggested, but thanks to the enterprise and perseverance of a few, it was carried on successfully, and completed gloriously, in despite of all opposition. It now stands as a monument of never-fading glory, to honour of those master spirits that boldly grappled and daringly prosecuted the undertaking.

Few persons have a correct idea of the immense lockage on the Erie canal. Its entire length is 363 miles, and the whole number of locks is 83. The rise from Albany to Buffalo, is 650 feet, fall 67, making the total rise and fall 692. Four feet of the amount are included in the declivity from Buffalo to Rochester, so that the actual lockage is 688 feet. From Troy to a point beyond Utica the canal follows the course of the Mohawk river, along which its construction was attended by comparatively little difficulty, though in this distance a large number of locks is embraced. Thence to Syracuse, is what is called the long level, there being about 70 miles of canal without a single lock. The country is flat and marshy, and abounds in mosquitoes and frogs. The most interesting section in relation to handsome scenery, falls, &c. is undoubtedly that between Schenectady and Utica.

I design in my next to say a word or two in reference to Genesee Falls, Rochester, &c.

* You will observe that I have only spoken of the *relative* disadvantages of the three births. The *general* annoyances of the whole are numerous, but at this time, I will only enumerate—mosquitoes, and other insects—the presence of a dense impervious and incorrigible movers—and the discordant sounds of the pilots' two coal tin trumpets, blown every few miles to give notice to lock-keepers and fresh drivers of your approach.

(From McMakin's N. L. News Books.)

FORTUNATE DISCOVERY OF INTENDED ROBBERY.

On the 20th of Aug. a colored girl, named Mary Bundy, residing with Mr. Johnson, in the vicinity of Broad and Spruce streets, informed her employer, that she had seen a black man scale the garden wall of Mr Courtney's dwelling, at the corner of Broad and Spruce. Mr. C. and family being absent from the city on a visit, gave rise to suspicions that there was some mischief going on in his dwelling, which should be looked to; accordingly, Mr. J. informed the Mayor, who, upon examination, found the doors open, and all the most valuable portable furniture, plate, clothing, &c. put up in parcels for transportation. He immediately stationed a guard upon the premises, with instructions to receive all strange visitors, and detain them till further orders. They had not remained long ere a black fellow named *Joseph Henry*, made his appearance and was taken into custody and gallanted to the Mayor's office, where he was recognized by the girl, and committed for trial. Shortly after dark, another, named *Emanuel Harris*, was discovered gliding over the fire enclosure, into the yard, to meet his comrade, and was also taken possession of by the police, and after a hearing, committed for trial. A letter was then forwarded to Mr. Courtney, informing him of the situation of his affairs at home, and of the fortunate discovery.

The differences between the factory children at Paterson, N. J., and their employers, are satisfactorily adjusted, and that place has resumed its wonted air of business and cheerfulness. The *Paterson Intelligencer* says:—

The weekly wages paid to the cotton mill hands, are estimated at $1,000. There has consequently, in this unfortunate strike, been an *entire* loss of $24,000, which would otherwise have been *directly* paid to the hands, and thence passed through all the advantageous currents of trade, shedding its comforts at every step. Long may it be ere this place is again so afflicted.

The time which the hands now make per week is 69 hours, or 11½ per day.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR—I hope you will allow me space to say, that Lecount, at Fifth and Chesnut streets, declares that Crabs can be dressed so as to be entirely harmless. I know this will be good news for those who are fond of that excellent shell fish, as the late calamity at Hartford, must have frightened Crab-eaters considerably. Lecount has a peculiar way of dressing Crabs, so as to destroy all their injurious qualities, without rendering them any the less palatable. He makes them almost equal to be-devilled Lobster.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR—I am hugely pleased with your friend Squibb's remarks about broad brim hats, and I concur fully in his conclusion, that the attempt to make them fashionable will prove an abortion. A new article in the hat line, eminently distinguished for beauty and neatness, is, I understand in preparation, and will be brought out in September. I won't say where it may be seen now, but I pledge my reputation that it will take amazingly. PETER PRY.

NEW YORK, August 24.

FIRES.—Another destructive fire occurred last evening in the lower part of the city. The alarm was given about 9 o'clock, a fire having broken out in the turner's shop, belonging to Mr. McDougal, No. 29 Spruce street, and from thence communicated to the brass founders of Messrs. Wallace & Co. the carpenter shop of Mr. L. K. Smith the black smith shop of Peter Skinner, and to a two story dwelling house, owned by Mr. Thomas Earbank, plumber, which was occupied by four families, viz: Thomas Hogg and Robert Price, tailors, Mr. Gardner, and Mr. Jno. Havi

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

DOUBLE READING.

Myself and love, I must reveal,
Yourself and hope, do not conceal.

I must reveal love and myself,
Do not conceal hope and yourself.—e. a. s.

From the London Magazine.

SONG.

Meet me, love, where streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the star-lit dewe betray
Where each flower is springing.
When the partridge on the hill
To his mate is calling,
Where, in sparkling spray, the rill
O'er the cliff is falling,
Meet me love, &c.

When the distant abbey bell
Down the breeze is dying,
When the shadow o'er the dell
From the hill are flying,
Meet me love, &c.

When the drowsy hostles flit
Through the stilly even,
When the stars, like gems, are set,
O'er the brow of Heaven.
Meet me love, &c.

When each gently drooping flower
Veils its snowy bosom,
When the steaming perfumes pour
From the hawthorn blossom.
Meet me love, &c.

Down the sheltered woodland walk
When the dew drops clearest
Bend each rose bud on its stalk,
Then, ah then, my dearest.
Meet me where the streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the star-lit dews betray
Where each flower is springing.

Not long since, two sailors passing along by a tailor's shop observing the tailor at work with his coat off, and having the back of his waistcoat patched with different colors of cloth, induced the sons of Neptune to crack a joke upon the poor fellow, when one of the tars observed to the other, "Look ye Jack, did you ever see so many sorts of cabbages grow upon one stump before?"

The following amusing circumstance occurred a few days since with a parson, who was visiting a family in the neighborhood. "What is the future state to?" said the clergyman to a sprightly little girl. "Illinois" "No, no," said the preacher, "I mean what is the future condition of men and women?" Why, replied the girl, hesitating, "I suppose they are to be married."

Musical Anecdote.—A gentleman who had long been desirous to officiate as chorister, or leader of sacred music, happened to be present at a church not very far distant from Jamaica, when the usual singers were not present—and took occasion to set the psalm, given out in long metre. The new officiate struck up St. Martin's—a common metre—and ingeniously spun out the tune to the measure of the words of the psalm. On coming out of church, he was accosted by an acquaintance, who satirically inquired, 'How could a person of your musical attainments make such an intolerable blunder?' 'Pob, Pob!' was the reply,—'blame the minister for fixing on a long metre psalm for a common metre tune.'

A hint to Wives.—'If I'm not home from the party to-night at ten o'clock,' said a husband to his better and bigger half, 'don't wait for me.' 'That I won't,' said the lady, significantly, 'I won't wait—but I'll come for you.' He returned at ten precisely.

"Will you accept of my arm?" said a gentleman to a pert young damsel; to which she made the following very appropriate reply,—"No I thank you sir, I have two of my own."

Wisdom.—I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"Them are the jockies for me!" I wish Sparrheim could have examined his head.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

Ecce Signum!—A couple of travellers rode furiously up to a neighboring inn, dismounted and asked for the landlady, as if their lives depended upon the immediate appearance. She was at the bar in the turning of a key. "And gentlemen, what'll you have?" "Why, marm, we've made a bet, and the one that looses it is to pay a bottle of champaign." "Champaign! oh? certainly—yes—champaign—here Tom go down and bring up a bottle of champaign and Tom, (in a whisper) mind the mark on the cork!" "But stop, perhaps you wont wait for your pay till the bet is decided, in about five minutes." "Oh la, certainly," said the landlady. Thomas brought up the wine, one of the travellers wrapping the bottle in his handkerchief, went to the door, and they were both in their stirrups. "You are not going off to decide it—what is the bet?" "I bet this gentleman here," said the bottle holder, *that when your sign fell, it would fall to the south.*" They galloped off, and the old woman stood gaping after them and at the sign alternately.—"*Well I guess, Thomas, they'll find that terrible puckery champaigne.*"

INDIAN DOGS.

There are no greater thieves in existence than the Indian dogs; not even excepting the old squaws, who have made it their amusement for half a century.—With the last it is a matter of habit and practice; but with the former it is instinct. It is also necessary for their existence, that they should be at the same time accomplished theives, and practised hypocrites. They are never led by their masters, who are always particularly careful to keep every thing eatable from their reach, their own appetites being generally sufficient to dispose of every thing of that nature. As far as I was able to judge, the only act of paternal kindness which they ever exerted over their canine flock, consisted in flogging them whenever a chance offered itself.

There is scarcely a lodge which does not patronize at least a dozen of these hangers-on, who, with all their theivishness, are the most pious looking dogs in existence. Frequently have I observed some gaunt, greedy fellow, who looked as if he had been dieted for a fortnight, steal with a meditative air into the building, as if he had strolled in without observing what he was about, so much were his thoughts occupied with more weighty matters. But notwithstanding his absence of mind, the moment his look fastened upon any article of food, a change came over him. The air of abstraction passed away; every latent faculty was called into play; and his eye fairly blazed with a concentration of theivish longing. Then, with a fixed gaze, but with an indifferent lounging step, he would side towards the object of his wishes, waiting only for a favorable opportunity to seize his prize, trusting to fortune to make good his retreat. But should he at that moment catch your eye, his flashing eager look instantly disappeared, and was succeeded by a meek, deprecating and unpretending slouch, which seemed to beg that you would not place any improper construction upon his actions.

It was not long before it became known to these gentry that a band of strangers had arrived among them, who were as yet unacquainted with their evil practices. Accordingly, they deserted the town to linger around our tents. The first day was one of jubilee to them, and truly exemplified in us the scriptural saying of "certain men fell among thieves." But we soon became initiated into their customs; and removed from their reach every thing which we apprehended might be in the slightest degree palatable, or even digestible.

There appeared to be a most cordial hatred existing between them and the old squaws; who, above all things, detested opposition in their line of business, and were unwilling that any interlopers should come in to assist in carrying off a share of those spoils which they considered their own peculiar property.

Among the number of our canine visiters were two who seemed to carry on a co-partnership. The one was a little rakish looking dog, of a dirty white color, with pink ish green eyes, who had quite a buckish way of carrying his tail. He was a mighty pragmatical self-important little body, and was apparently endeavoring to pass himself off for more than he really was. He ranged between the gentleman dogs and the rabble dogs of the village.

There was a swaggering self-important air about him, which reminded me strongly of those individuals of the human kind, who are generally to be found in all places, attempting to hide their own natural vulgarity under a great show of dare devil rakish gentility. The boon companion of this dog was his reverse in every respect. He was a lean, shaggy fellow, with a drooping slouch on his tail, and quiet, pensive expression of countenance. No one would have suspected him of being the greatest thief in the village; yet such he was; and as such his approaches were most thoroughly discountenanced by all the old squaws, who looked upon him as a most formidable rival. He never attempted to resist their attacks, but fled howling away at the slightest appearance of danger though half an hour would not elapse before he was as busy as ever. We found that in stealing he far excelled his companion; who made ten times as much bustle in carrying off ten times as little; and who was frequently left to receive the share of punishment due to both.

They continued together for several days. But at length the partnership dissolved, and each went out to steal for his own private benefit. Many were the sly hits which disappeared, and great was the caution used by the occupants of the tents to keep out of their reach every article which they thought would be acceptable. They continued their visits several days after their real character had been discovered. But having been detected in carrying off a large bag, which contained some twenty pounds of bacon; and having been several times flogged for their evil practices, and finding that the party had now grown quite cautious of their provisions, they deserted us altogether; betaking themselves to the town, and leaving their places to be filled by other dogs, equally ravenous, but less experienced in this art of getting a livelihood.

Extract from Professor Weyland's Elements of Moral science.

RULES FOR MORAL CONDUCT.

I. *Before you resolve upon an action, or a course of action.*—

1. Cultivate the habit of deciding upon its moral character. Let the first question always be, is this action right? For this purpose, God gave you this faculty. If you do not use it, you are false to yourself, and inexcusable before God. We despise a man who never uses his reason, and scorn him as a fool. Is he not much more to be despised, who neglects to use a faculty of so much higher authority than reason? And let the question, is this right? be asked *first, before imagination* has set before us the seductions of pleasure, or any step has been taken which should pledge our consistency of character. If we ask this question *first*, it can generally be decided with ease. If we wait, until the mind is agitated and harassed by contending emotions, it will not be easy to decide.

2. Remember that your conscience has become imperfect, from your frequent abuse of it. Hence, in many cases, its discrimination will be indistinct. Instead of *deciding*, it will frequently, only *doubt*. That doubt should be, generally, as imperative as a decision. When you, therefore, doubt respecting the virtue of an action, do not perform it, unless you see much doubt whether you are at liberty to refrain from it. Thus says President Edwards, in one of his resolutions: "Resolved, never to do any thing, of which I so much question the lawfulness, as that, I intend, at the same time, to consider and examine afterwards, whether it be lawful or not; except I as much question the lawfulness of the omission."

3. Cultivate, on all occasions, in private or in public, in small or great, in action or in thought, the habit of obeying the monitions of conscience; all other things to the contrary notwithstanding.

> In slightest touches, instant cause,
> Debar aside pretences:
> And, resolutely, keep its laws,
> Unaw'ing consequences.—*Burns.*

The supremacy of conscience in *ones* upon you the obligation to act thus. You cannot remember, in the course of your whole life, an instance in which you regret having obeyed it; and you cannot remember a single instance, in which you do not regret having disobeyed it. There can nothing happen to you so ill, as to have done wrong; there can nothing be gained so valuable as to have done right. And remember, that it is by only cultivating the practical supremacy of conscience, over every other impulse, that you can attain to that bold, simple, manly, elevated character, which is essential to true greatness.

This has been frequently taught us even by heathen poets.

> Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
> Intaminatis fu get honoribus:
> Nec sumit aut ponit secures,
> Arbitrio popularis aurse.
> Virtus, recludens immeritis mori
> Cœlum, negata tentat iter via,
> Coetus que vulgares et udam
> Spernit humum fugiente penna.
> *Horace, Lib. iii. Can. 2.*

A greater than a heathen has said: "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light;" and has enforced the precept by the momentous question, "what shall a profit a man, though he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul."

II. *After an action has been performed*—

1. Cultivate the habit of reflecting upon your actions, and upon the temptation with which they have been performed, and of thus deciding upon their moral character. This is called self-examination. It is one of the most important duties in the life of a moral, and especially of a probationary, existence.

> 'Tis greatly wise, to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to Heaven,
> And how they might have borne more welcome news.

2. Perform the duty deliberately. It is not the business of hurry, or of negligence. Devote time exclusively to it. Go alone. Retire, within yourself, and weigh your actions coolly and carefully, forgetting all other things in the conviction that you are a moral, and an accountable being.

2. *Do it impartially.* Remember that you are liable to be misled by the seductions of passion, and the allurements of self-interest. Put yourself in the place of those around you, and put others in your own place, and remark how you would then consider your actions. Pay great attention to the opinions of your enemies; there is generally foundation or at least the appearance of it, in what they say of you. But, above all, take the true and perfect standard of moral character, exhibited in the precepts of the Gospel, and exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ, and thus examine your conduct by the light that emanates from the holdem of Heaven.

3. Suppose you have examined yourself, and arrived at a decision respecting the moral character of your actions.

1. If you are conscious of having *done right*, be thankful to that God, who has mercifully enabled you to do so. Observe the peace and serenity which fills your bosom, and remark how greatly it overbalances the self-denials which it has cost. Be humbly thankful that you have made some progress in virtue.

2. If the character of your actions have been mixed, that is, if they have proceeded from motives partly good, and partly bad, labor to obtain a clear view of each, and the circumstances which led you to confound them. Avoid the sources of this confusion, and, when you perform the same actions again, be specially on your guard against the influence of any motive of which you how disapprove.

3. If conscience convicts you of having acted wrongly.

1. Reflect upon the wrong: survey the obligations which you have violated, until you are sensible of your guilt.

2. Be willing to suffer the pains of conscience.—They are the rebukes of a friend, and are designed to withhold you from the commission of wrong in future. Neither turn a neglectful ear to her monitions, nor drown her voice amid the bustle of business, or the gaiety of pleasure.

3. Do not let the subject pass away from your thoughts, until you have come to a settled resolution, a resolution *founded on moral disapprobation of the action*, never to do so any more.

4. If restitution be in your power, make it, without hesitation, and do it immediately. The least that a man ought to be satisfied with, who has done wrong, is to repair the wrong as it is possible.

5. As every act of wrong is a sin against God, seek in humble penitence, through the merits and intercession of His Son, Jesus Christ.

6. Remark the actions, or the course of thinking, which were the occasions of leading you to do wrong. Be specially careful to avoid them in future. To this effect, says President Edwards: "Resolved, that when I do any conspicuous evil action, to trace it back till I come to the original cause; and then both carefully endeavor to do so no more, and to fight and pray, with all my might, against the original of it."

7. Do all this, in humble dependence upon that merciful, and every-where-present Being, who is always ready to grant us all assistance necessary to keep his commandments; and will never leave us, nor forsake us, if we put our trust in him.

THE ALBATROSS.—This superb bird sails in the air seemingly as if excited by some invisible power, for there is rarely an apparent movement of its wings. But this very want of muscular exertion is the reason why these birds sustain such long flights as they do without repose. The largest seen by the author measured, when its wings were expanded, fourteen feet; but specimens, it is asserted have been shot that have measured twenty feet across. The immense distance these birds are capable of flying has been ascertained by having some of them caught, marked, and again set at liberty. The cause of their long and easy repose in the air is thus given by Mr. Bennett: "To watch the flight of those birds used to afford me great amusement;—commencing with the difficulty experienced by them in elevating themselves from the water. To effect this object, they spread their long pinions to the utmost, giving them repeated impulses as they run along the surface of the water for some distance. Having, by these exertions raised themselves above the wave, they ascend and descend, and cleave the atmosphere in various directions, without any apparent muscular exertion. How then, it may be asked, do these birds execute such movements? The whole surface of the body in this, as well as I believe, most, if not all, the oceanic tribes, is covered by numerous air cells, capable of a voluntary inflation by means of a beautiful muscular apparatus. By this power, the birds can raise or depress themselves at will, and the tail, and great length of the wing, enable them to steer in any direction. Indeed, without some provision of this kind, to save muscular exertion, it would be impossible for these birds to undergo such long flights without repose as they have been known to do; for, the muscles appertaining to the organs of flight, although large in these birds are evidently inadequate in power to the long distances they have been known to fly, and the immense length of time they may remain on the wing, without scarcely a moment's cessation."—*Bennett's Wanderings.*

A REFLECTION.—Round the idea of one's mother the mind of a man clings with a fond affection. It is the first deep tho't stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passons and our willfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or her opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice; and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst the tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed. Thus had it been with de Vaux, he could just call to mind a face that had appeared to him very beautiful, and a few kind and tender words, from the lips of her he had called a mother; he had fancied her all that was good and gentle and virtuous; and now that he was forced to look upon her as a fallen being—as one who had not only forgotten virtue herself, but in sin had brought her into the world, to degradation and shame, what could he his feelings towards her?—*The Gipsey*

"I thought you were *going* to come late to night," said Tuesday to Ned, at the club-room. "No," replied Ned, "I have got here *first at last.*" "I am glad of that," says he, "for you were always behind before."

From the Works of Fashion.

NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS.

MATERIAL OF MORNING DRESSES.—A reformation long pleaded for, in vain, by taste, has been granted to her step-mother, *fashion*; the enormous and disfiguring circle of skirt is reduced to more becoming bounds; and sleeves, though still extremely full, no longer resemble a happy invention to conceal deformity: the *redingote* form still prevails, the fronts being ornamented either with ribbon, plaited round lozenge compartments, or simple bows placed in the centre; *pelerines* assume various shapes on the shoulder, round, square, vandyked; but they are universally worn smaller in front, with points sometimes crossing under the girdle, but showing the *corsage* on each side; whatever be the style of trimming on the dress, it is repeated on the *pelerine* tront; the body of the gown itself being quite plain. Among the most distinguished *Lang-Champs* fashions, we observed a citron colour *joulard*, with satin rayas tint lighter, the skirt opening on one side, and tied with six bows of ribbon; a *pelerine* crossed over the bosom, and a second cape, square and reversed; another of lilac *gros de tours*, was ornamented with three flat plaits in satin, placed *en tablier*, and repeated from the shoulder to the waist, a novel kind of cord made in *chenille*, formed an elegant finish to the dress. Several plaid dresses had double folds of coloured silk or ribbon round the skirt resembling tucks; in colour, these assimilated with the prominent one of the plaid. Some very elegant muslin dresses have appeared with flounces, but this fashion will not be general while coloured linings continue so much in favour.

ENSEMBLE OF EVENING COSTUMES.—White dresses are very universal this season, when composed of crape, *organdie* or muslin; the corsage is finished at top by a band of satin plaits, which widens towards the shoulder and sustain draperies of *bimade*. The sabot sleeves no longer conceal half the arm; the most graceful part of a fine figure, was never seen to more advantage than beneath the fulness of the new beret sleeves; a bracelet is placed on the band, or for very young ladies, bows of ribbon and flowers; bouquets are likewise worn upon the shoulders, and at the end of a long sash; these ornaments should consist of a single flower, with buds and folinge, white garlands for the hair, are wreathed of small and variegated flowers, cherry colour being a prominent tint.

DISTINGUISHED COSTUME PREPARED FOR THIS MONTH.—A rose-colour dress *en redingote*, over a white satin skirt, the open fronts trimmed with rich satin ribbon *en suite*. Pink satin hat with one splendid feather drooping over the bows of rose-colour ribbon; a blond *ruche* and diamond *esprit* under the brim. Blond *mantilla* drapery looped on the shoulders with diamond tassels.

A DINNER-DRESS OF LIONAISE SILK; pale blue ground with white flowers, the stalks browned. *Beret* short sleeves; armlets of rich gold and enamel; black blond lace draperies over a tight *corsage*, festooned with blue rosettes and gold *agraffes*.

A MOST ELEGANT COSTUME FOR HALF-MOURNING.—A robe of black *tulle* opening over a black *pou de Soie* skirt, with satin flowers brocaded on it; the fronts of the robe festooned with diamonds: head dress, diamonds and white feathers,—another black satin robe embroidered with a mosaic pattern in gold relief, white blond volant, headed by a gold wreath, white lace mantle fastened on each shoulder with gold and pearl ornaments.

HATS AND TURBANS.—We must not omit notice of a most elegant turban composed of a white scarf embroidered in natural flowers. It was supported on the left side by a garland of white roses, and had one long end reaching the shoulder, this happy idea is partly imitated in dress hats, a light transparent gauze ribbon twines round the garland and partly conceals it, as do the folds of the turban,—several turbans have appeared without any circle round the head. The gauze or lama formed into two wings, one rising high, and crowned with an *esprit*, or plume, the other spreading beyond the temple and having a gold bandeau or garland of flowers underneath it; others assume the eastern shape, and are ornamented with a jewelled tiara, and long fringed end.

HAIR-DRESSING.—Ringlets are more worn than for some time past; a portion of the hair is separated from one side, and allowed to hang in long curls upon the neck. The back hair is also curled and hangs in waving curls round the bows or braids above it. Flowers of exquisite texture and hue are worn in every style which coquetry or taste suggests. These wreaths are frequently divided into three, one part twining round the bows behind the other on each temple. Double chains of wrought gold are a fashionable ornament, one part as a band across the forehead, the other forming a circle above.

CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—A new pattern has just reached us, and claims the earliest notice. A rich border of rose-buds goes all round close to the lace edging, and within are vandyke points worked in bees stitch, a boquet and the cypher at each corner.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CATTLE.

As soon as the ploughman has unyoked his oxen, let him rub them, and press their backs strongly with his hands, pulling their hide, and not suffering it to adhere close to their flesh, for such adhesion constitutes a very injurious disease. Let him rub their necks thoroughly. The oxen are not to be tied to their cribs until they cease to perspire and pant: Nor is it proper to give them much food, even when it shall be due time to feed them; but their allowance should be dispensed in small quantities at a time, which having finished, they may be led forth to water, and enticed to drink *by whistling*; immediately afterwards, they must be satisfied with a large allowance of fodder.—*Columella.*

The temper and disposition of cattle are most approved which approach the mild and gentle, rather than the violent and fierce, still without a sluggish heaviness; dismayed at loud and blustering words, yet with such a confidence in their own strength, as not to be startled at common objects of sight or hearing, or afraid to ford rivers or pass bridges: which are great feeders, but slow in mastication: for these digest better than such as devour their food greedily and with haste, preserving their condition and bodily strength. But it would be an equal fault in one who uses labouring oxen, to make them fat or to keep them lean; for their condition of body ought to be moderate and fit for business, robust and full in the muscles, but not loaded with fat, which as they would be jaded and wearied by their own weight.—*Ib*

The stronger and richer the land is, the more must cattle be kept up to a good pitch; for if on such land cattle are in the winter suffered to run to poverty, or are brought into it poor, they will be liable to the yellows, or the blain, and most sorts of distempers; for it is the same as if you should offer strong meats to weak stomachs.—[*Lisle.*]

Clover intended to be kept the second year for seed ought not to be grazed the first year by the sheep, which bite so close as to wound the crown of the roots. The same of other artificial grasses. The leaves and stalks of artificial grasses being full of juices, cattle feed upon them, even in the driest summers, scarcely need water. Sheep fed on clover will dung quite moist; whereas their excrements, when fed on natural grass, will generally be hard and dry. (A double advantage in the artificial grasses; during seasons of great drought, neither the grass nor the cattle will feel the common want of water.) [Cattle fed in winter upon ruta bage, do not require, and should not receive any water.—[*Lisle.*]

A young beast may eat well HALF FAT; but an old cow will be fat on the back, but very rarely well tallowed within; whereas an old cow seldom handles so well, but generally carries most of her fat within. A two year old ewe will fatten and tallow well. The springing or standing out of the navel, the best sign of internal fat; also, in lean cattle, such protuberance is a sign that they will fatten internally.—[*Lisle.*]

Dairy House.—The dairy house or room should be kept neat and cool. It should be as little exposed to the sun as possible. An apartment in a sweet well ventilated cellar has been recommended for keeping milk and cream in. Cheese should never be put to dry in the same room in which you set milk for obtaining butter, because they communicate an acid taint to the air, which has a tendency to make the milk sour. The milk room and cheese room should, therefore, be separate apartments. It will be well to have a milk room placed over a spring or brook, near your dwelling house, and so to contrive the inside arrangement that cool, fresh, running water may enter water tight plattorms or troughs, and the milk pans be set in that water. It is said that the dairy houses in Pennsylvania are built over springs, and their milk pans are set in cold running water, by which, and other modes of good management, the butter brought to market in Philadelphia, is said to be the finest in the world. This mode of making good butter is not unknown, though not common, in New England. A writer for the Vermont Journal, in an article published some years since, gives the following description of a milk room:

"The shelves are so constructed as to admit the immersion of a milk pan in cold water, nearly to the top, resembling a shallow trough. By the advantage of location, the water is constantly running from a spring on at one end of the shelf and off at the other, and may be easily conducted from shelf to shelf through a whole room. The consequence is, the milk keeps perfectly sweet, in the warmest season, until the cream is all risen, which is in a short time,—of course the butter will be sweet. Now are there not hundreds of places that would admit of the same improvement with trifling expense, which would be refunded fourfold in one season?"—*N. E. Far.*

Durable Whitewash.—By saturating the water in which the lime is to be slacked, with common salt, a whitewash may be made which will neither crack nor rub off on one's hands or clothes.

Removal.

PETER WEIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his Chair, Cabinet and Queen-ware establishment, from No. 54 and 56 North Third street, to that large and commodious store, No. 120 Market street, south fourth street between, south side, where he is now opening, (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of new and well selected ware, comprising all the varieties of the latest patterns and colours, which in addition to his former assortment, he trusts he will be able to meet the wishes of his friends and the public generally, who are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no exertions shall be spared to give satisfaction both in selecting and packing the ware, and the utmost regard paid to the interest of those of their who may favour the establishment with their patronage. jan 3—tf

Wholesale and Retail Bedding

WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest and best assortment of Feather beds, bolsters and pillows, ever offered in this city, and pillows, coined hair mattresses, moss do cotton do, wool do, cattail do, straw do, high post bedsteads, Trundle do, French do, pew and settee do do, the best baked straw beds in the city, by the yard or single bed, also feathers bed ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cattail by the pound.

N. B. Old hair mattresses repaired. (*All goods bought of this party will be warranted.*) E. CLARK.

feb 1—3m*

Fashions for Tailors.

THE largest and most showy print ever offered to the Trade, is now ready for delivery to all who have subscribed and deposited the pay for it. The price to non subscribers, is five dollars, and ought to be double that amount—long before I have declared that the impression of the original plate, which is now in the possession of the great, is worth more than the price set upon the whole sheet. The figure of Washington is adjusted to be the most striking likeness ever given from any portrait of him, and the engraved plate must, and it is will be deemed by posterity a print of great price, and will be sought after as a model as drew and painted from. Those who order the print must let them be neatly mount upon fine Bristol board, and arranged in the most convenient degree to suit the beauty of the sheet, all who avail themselves of an opportunity to have it tacked with merchants' goods, and letter give information, post paid, and it shall be attended to

Notice is also hereby given, that the Author continues to publish such portraits, if requested, each chapter of Indexes to the use of Tailors, from wishing to order for the use of subscribers for the future, will be ready with spring and fall, will be attended to with promptitude, provided they remit by mail a ten dollar note, which will pay for a year's supply of the fashions, and for the trouble, postage and expense of the Author. And should the encouragement to continue after the first year, and I am sure he will find his interest to do so, he can also publish the work for five dollars per year to all who subscribe.

Address ALLEN WARD No. 23 George St. near the Court House, Philadelphia, Pa aug 8—tf

THE CELEBRATED DEPURATING SYRUP,

THIS valuable Syrup, which now stands unrivalled curative agent in

Scrofula or King's Evil,
Syphilis,
Mercurial and Syphilitic Affections,
White Swellings,
Diseases of the Bones,
Ulcerations,
Tetter or Salt Rheum,
Pimples or Pustules on the Face,
Boils or Carbuncles,
Diseases of the Skin,
Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire,
Obstinate Ulcerations,
Diseases of the Liver,
Chronic Rheumatism, &c.,

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is confidently recommended in a most unwavering under any of the above mentioned forms of disease.

The truly extraordinary curative properties of this preparation, which are now universally acknowledged, renders panegyric unnecessary, yet the incredulous can fully satisfy themselves, by reference to the numerous and highly respectable testimonials of its efficacy, now in the possession of the proprietor. The proprietor wishes to remark, that he is aware of no instances in which the Depurating Syrup has failed in cure, where the directions have been strictly and properly attended to.

The Depurating Syrup is put up in fluted bottles, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the sole proprietor, without which none is genuine. Directions for its use accompany each bottle.

Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Queen and Hanover streets, Baltimore, and by the following Agents who have been appointed for the sale of the above Syrup:

Fredk. Klett & Co. northeast corner of Second and Callowhill sts.; Geo. Mellor, southeast corner of Fourth and Wood streets; J. McCulloch, No. 370 North Second st.; Henry, No. 201 Second st. above Race; Jacob Germon, John Broadhurst, southeast corner of Tenth and Chesnut streets; Peter Hornbeck, N.W. corner of Callowhill and Gordon sts; Dr. J. Whitehall, N.E. corner of Fourth and Coates streets; and Dr. M'Clintock, in Penn's Square opposite Beaver street. may 7—6m

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city. No. 108 South Second street, 3 doors below the Custom house, and 2d door from Lawrence Hall.

DAVID LEVINE, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that for the accommodation of his numerous customers, he has opened another Fur Store, No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Boas, Pelerines, Capes and Muffs, and also Dr. Levine's Fur Lotion, which is guaranteed by selecting his Furs in Europe himself. dec 6 '34—1y

Cheap Books & Stationery

FOR sale by URIAH HUNT, 101 Market street, (late of 30 South Second street,) a large and general assortment of Books and Stationery, particularly adapted to the wants of country merchants and others. Terms accommodating for cash or approved credit. may 2—6m

To House-keepers & Others.

THE subscriber will deliver to any part of the city, a first rate article of *soft soap*, in *barrels and half barrels*, at 3¢ per pound. He has also, for sale, *Palm Soap*, known to be very good for washing, which he will sell at 6¢ per pound, or equal to any imported—together with a large assortment of Fancy Variegated, White, Yellow and Brown Beeswax, Mould and Dipt Candles.

N. B.—The highest price given for Fat and Ashes.

J. E. GRAVES,
nov 15—now 3m Nos. 29 & 31, Kunsells St.

CARPENTER'S COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.

A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcerations and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above character for the use of families—a convenient application to which can always be at hand when accidents occur, and which will afford immediate relief. G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce the introduction of the above preparations, as possessing all the qualities here described, and which must prove invaluable in the family or nursery. Safe, active, at a mild, pleasant and soothing application, for all ulcerated or irritable wounds, or inflamed surfaces.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, ulcerations and sores of various kinds, no application has been productive of so much benefit, and it is confidently recommended to the public, as an article equal to any ever before offered, and far more simple, safe and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat, and limits the pain, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family, every ship and country should supply themselves with this preparation: its superior manner of the ointments which are offered up in the public, and may be advantageously substituted in all cases, where a mild and stimulating application is required.

It is neatly put up in boxes and jars, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at GEO. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market st. Philadelphia.

As these may be attempts of imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature and guarantee of its genuineness.

jan 18, 1834—eotf

Macpelah Burial Ground.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the above Burial Ground, situated at the S. E. corner of Penne and Eleventh streets, is now open for the reception of interments, of the following rates, viz:—For children under 5 years of age, $1; from 5 to 15, $1 50; and all persons 15 years old or upwards, $3; and $1 for digging every grave.

Orders for interments may at all times be obtained from either of the following persons, viz:

William Adams, President, No. 98 Old York Road, 3d door above Second street.

Charles L. Hamilton, Vice President, Vine above Front st. south side.

Thomas W. Newton, Secretary, S. W. corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets.

Peter Williamson, Treasurer, Northeast corner of Second and Almond streets.

And to either of the following named Directors:

Robert Ernst, N.E. corner of Carpenter and Pamyrah road.
David Filer, No. 209 South Fifth street.
Joseph Elis, No. 158 South Fifth street.
John Thompson, No. 1 Dock street, south side.
William Gaw, No. 306 South Second street.
J. W. M'Mahon, No. 9 Sloat Court, from 12th above Race.
John Davis, No. 1 Germans street.
Joseph Hamilton, N. E. corner of Federal and Second streets.
John D. Brown, No. 62 Gaskill street.
Daniel Pechillman, No. 9 John street, (Southwark.)
John Chalkley, No. 5 Apple street, (Kensington.)

A careful Superintendent resides on the premises, ready at all times to receive orders for interments, and will give every information required by those intending to said ground, and the Rules and Regulations of the Managers, by which all their Burial Ground a place of sale depends for all those who may be entrusted to their care.

Members of the Society not having obtained Deeds for their respective lots, and those wishing to have Deeds, are requested to call on the President or Secretary, to order that the deeds and transfers may be regularly signed and registered agreeably to our Constitution.

By order of the Board of Directors

may 14—newtf THOMAS W. NEWTON, Sec'ty.

MARSHALL'S Concentrated Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla,

FOR THE CURE OF

Obstinate Eruptions of the Skin,
Pimples or Pustules on the Face,
Boils or Carbuncles,
Scald Eruptions,
Pains in the Bones,
Rheumatism, Tetter,
Scrofula or King's Evil,
White Swellings,
Syphilitic Symptoms,

And all disorders arising from an impure state of the blood, produced either by a long residence in a hot and unhealthy climate, the abuse of mercury, &c.

THIS very convenient and active Syrup, is with confidence offered to the Medical Faculty and to the public, as possessing, in an eminent degree, all the virtues of Sarsaparilla, in a more concentrated form, and divested of those properties, which in the crude state of the root. It will be found much superior in efficacy to the Syrups, Compounds and Extracts, of which Sarsaparilla, alone or which being prepared by the formulas of the late Dr. Physick and Dr. Coxe, are necessarily weak and inert; the virtue of the Sarsaparilla being imparted and destroyed by long and continued boiling.—See Dispensatory of the United States, page 1277.

To the good qualities of the root, and the peculiar method of preparation, is to be attributed the success that has uniformly attended the exhibition of this medicine; and those who have heretofore used the Concentrated Syrup of Sarsaparilla, will find the Concentrated Syrup not only an effectual remedy for the complaints above enumerated, but especially efficacious in the treatment of Rheumatism, Ulcers of the Throat and Legs, Eruptions on Children, Erysipelas, Piles, Diseases of the Liver, Scorbutic complaints, &c., and at the same time

From the Boston Courier.

Dr. JUDKINS'

FOR the cure of White Swellings, Sore Legs and Ulcers, Glandular Tumors, Fistula, Scrofulous Sores, Burns and Scalds, Inflammation in the Breast, Glandular Swellings, Old and Fresh Wounds, Chilblains, Tetters, Piles, Ring Worms, Eruptions of long standing, &c.

In the edition of my directions, I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been an article of this kind bearing my name, that has been extensively used in the country, which I have to say, (and I do say) is not well prepared, nor fit for use, except at two or three places in the city; after this date it will be prepared by JAMES R. GLADDING only, and I take pleasure in saying to the public, that the article prepared by him, WILLIAM JUDKINS'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT," as every box will be inspected by me before it is offered for sale.

The public therefore are cautioned against purchasing any Ointment, but that which the highest market prices will be given in cash, or in exchange for Rags, by

DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 22 '35—1y No. 21 South Third Street.

To Physicians and Druggists.

GEO. P. SCHIVELY & Co. N. E. corner of 8th and Zane streets, Philadelphia, have for sale Leeches of the first quality, which they will warrant to be of the best materials and cost worth nothing.

Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to.

N. B.—A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.
may 9—6m

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Such as Amputating, Trepanning, Lithotomy, Pocket Cases, Dissecting Cases, Trusses, &c. &c. which are warranted to be of the best materials and cost worth nothing.

Orders from any part of the Union, promptly attended to.

N. B.—A liberal discount to wholesale dealers.
may 9—6m

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.

FELLOW CITIZENS.—Having been recommended by a Town Meeting of the Northern Liberties, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of the City and County of Philadelphia, and respectfully solicit your support for the ensuing election—pledging myself, that if elected, I will discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, very respectfully,

JOSEPH SNYDER.
june 13—4m* No. 103 Walnut st. below 6th.

R. S. Gilbert,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 44 PRUNE ST above Fifth street. feb 3, '34—tf

A Card to Tailors.

FRANCIS MAHAN, practical tailor and teacher of the garment cutting, begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Allen Ward, of the city of Philadelphia, publisher of the Tailor's Architype, and inventor of the progressive system of garment cutting, by measure bearing date the day of June 26th, 1834, respectfully informs the public that he has prepared and published all the principles contained in said publication together with all and singular the instruments appertaining to the (Ward's) copy right and patent Protractor System. The Instructions are now ready for delivery, and will be ready in the ensuing autumn, the first of a series of semi-annual publications, to bear the title of Mahan's improvement and application of Ward's Protractor System of garment cutting. In this publication will be contained all the improvements as well as a tailor and fashioner will be communicated to the subscribers thereto, accurate drafts of the London and Philadelphia fashions, with direct